

CATHOLIC DIGEST

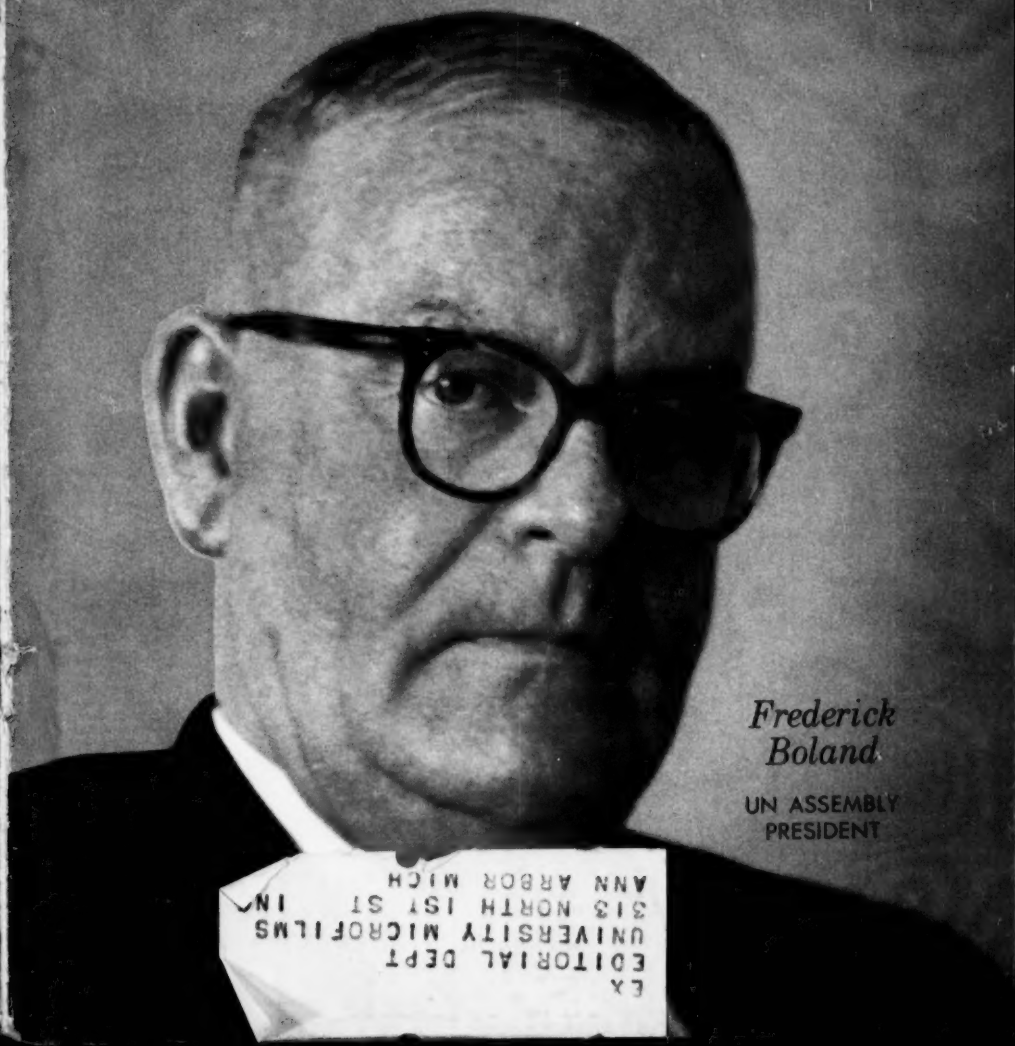
SEPTEMBER, 1961

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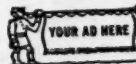
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"All that rings true, all that commands reverence, and all that makes for right; all that is pure, all that is lovely, all that is gracious in the telling; virtue and merit, wherever virtue and merit are found—let this be the argument of your thoughts" (St. Paul in his letter to the Philippians, Chapter 4).

This is the argument of THE CATHOLIC DIGEST. Its contents, therefore, may come from any source, magazine, book, newspaper, syndicate, of whatever language, of any writer. Of course, this does not mean approval of the "entire source" but only of what is published.



Doors

By Romano Guardini

*Condensed from "Sacred Signs"**

THE CHURCH door serves more than a practical use; it is a reminder.

Between the outer and the inner world are the doors. They are the barriers between the market place and the sanctuary, between what belongs to the world at large and what has become consecrated to God. And the door warns the man who opens it to go inside that he must now leave behind the thoughts, wishes, and cares which here are out of place, his curiosity, his vanity, his worldly interests, his secular self. "Make yourself clean. For the ground you tread is holy ground."

Do not rush through the doors. Let us take time to open our hearts to their meaning so as to make our entering-in a fully intended and recollected act.

The doors have yet something else to say. Notice how as you cross the threshold you unconsciously lift your head and your eyes, and how as you survey the

(Continued on page 9)

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1605



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by Kay Sullivan



Gina and Rock discover traveling Sisters in their castle.

The Trend Is to Musicals and Comedies

Moviemakers have rediscovered the box office power of songs and laughter

It may soon be possible to go to the movies for sheer enjoyment. The emphasis on dramas rife with unpleasant emotional problems is waning. They are being replaced by a wave of musicals and comedies.

More than 20 song-and-dance films are slated for completion this year, some 18 more than last year and the most since 1951, when Hollywood turned out 21 musicals. The new titles include *Music Man*, *Flower Drum Song*, *West Side Story*,

and Walt Disney's first live-actor musical, *Babes in Toyland*.

Along with the trend to musicals is a leaning to romantic comedy. Typical is Universal-International's **Come September**. In it Rock Hudson, a rich young American bachelor, woos Gina Lollobrigida and wins her, despite the hilarious machinations of Walter Slezak. Unbeknownst to his employer, Slezak operates Hudson's elegant Italian villa as a hotel. Along with the laughs generated by

the unexpected arrival of Hudson on the scene, there are magnificent views of Rome and the Riviera.

Another delightfully daffy comedy is **The Honeymoon Machine** (MGM) in which TV star Steve McQueen plays the role of a navy lieutenant with an enterprising mind. With a couple of friends, he tries to make use of his ship's electronic computer to break the bank at a Venice roulette casino. The fun begins when a crusty admiral (Dean Jagger) gets wind of the scheme.

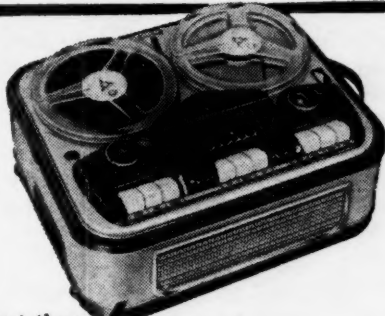
Right in time for this renewed interest in comedy is that master of farce, Harold Lloyd, who is issuing an anthology of sequences from his most famous silent comedies this fall. The anthology, called **Harold Lloyd's World of Comedy**, will have explanatory narration, sound effects, and music. Mr. Lloyd has been working on it for ten years, has shaped it into somewhat of an autobiography. One of the points he stresses is that he performed all of his hair-raising film stunts himself. No double was ever used.

*Hunter, McQueen, and
"bank breaker."*

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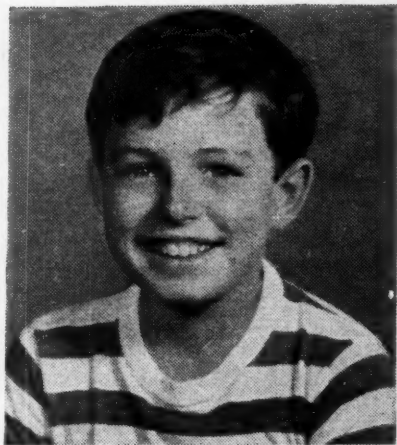
Youngsters have wide eyes for TV cowboys and bad men, but the actor they most envy is freckle-faced Jerry Mathers, hero of ABC-TV's *Leave It to Beaver*. Jerry (or Beaver) has a knack of making everything look easy. All his problems have a happy solution, and even school and homework seem to rest lightly on his 13-year-old shoulders.

Invariably, his fans hint that "it must be fun to go to a make-believe school and just play-act all the time."

For Jerry, the painful truth is that not only does he go to school five days a week (with a tutor, so he can never escape answering the teacher's questions) but he also attends Sunday school in his parish church and spends many hours every day memorizing scripts. In the four years that he has portrayed Beaver Cleaver, he has had to master the lion's share of some 178 scripts.

Mrs. Ethel Burke, his teacher, says that all this memory work has helped Jerry become more alert, exercised his mind, and taught him good study habits.

When *Leave It to Beaver* made its debut in 1957, his parents (Mr. Mathers is a vice principal in a Los Angeles high school) were reluctant to let their son take on the role unless he could keep in step with students his own age. Joseph Connelly and Bob Mosher, the show's writer-producer team, who have families of their own, agreed to make Jerry's classroom their No. 1 set requirement.



Jerry's school, a four-walled portable unit, is only a short distance from lights, cameras, and sound booms, but it is out of bounds to photographers and reporters. His fellow actors and the production crewmen tiptoe around it as though it were an Ivy League college.

Born in Sioux City, Iowa, Jerry moved with his family to California soon afterwards. A department-store contest launched him on a TV career making commercials. For a while he did modeling with his sister, Susie.

Jerry's experience in mastering scripts helps in unexpected ways, like remembering how-to instructions—he's gadget-happy—and mastering catechism lessons. His former supervisor, Sister Cathleen Joseph of the Sisters of St. Joseph of Carondelet, congratulated him on the thoroughness with which he knew his catechism.

"After 178 scripts, it's a pleasure," said Jerry.

(Continued from page 5)
great interior space of the church there also takes place in you an inward enlargement. Its great width and height have an analogy to infinity and eternity. A church is a similitude of the heavenly dwelling place of God. Mountains indeed are higher, the wide blue sky outside stretches immeasurably farther. But whereas outside space is unconfined and formless, the portion of space set aside for the church has been formed, fashioned, designed at every point with God in view. The long pillared aisles, the width and solidity of the walls, the high arched and vaulted roof, bring home to us that this is God's house.

It is likewise the representation of you, yourself. For you, your soul and your body, are the living temple of God. Open up that temple, make it spacious, give it height.

*Lift up your heads, O ye gates,
and be ye lifted up, ye
everlasting doors,
and the King of Glory shall
come in.*

Heed the cry of the doors. Of small use to you is a house of wood and stone unless you yourself are God's living dwelling. The high arched gates may be lifted up, and the portals parted wide, but unless the doors of your heart are open, how can the King of Glory enter in?



Can you imagine an easier way to make extra money for yourself, church, school, club or sodality than by showing your friends and neighbors Robinson Catholic Christmas Cards?

You'll be surprised to see how easy your sales add up with our exciting new assortments including such features as foil underlays, cut-outs, novelty folds, embossing, sparkling glitter, and jewel-like sequins.

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TELEVISION

The fall line-up for TV viewers holds more promise than it has for many a turn of the knob.

Of outstanding interest is the news that Dr. Peter H. Odegard, one of the nation's most distinguished political scientists, will teach American Government in NBC-TV's popular **Continental Classroom** during the 1961-62 academic year. The course will be broadcast in color, coast-to-coast, on Monday through Friday, from 6:30 to 7 A.M., local time, starting Sept. 25. Now going into its fourth year, *Continental Classroom* has won many awards, delighted teachers, and helped students. This year's subject matter should interest a third group, good citizens. Says Dr. Odegard: "Knowing the structure and function of your government can be one of the most important lessons in your life."

The Hallmark Hall of Fame will

For Dr. Odegard, government is first



open its 11th season on the NBC-TV network with a 90-minute color production of Laurence Housman's *Victoria Regina*, starring Julie Harris in the title role. It will be her 6th performance on the program.

Returning for its fourth season, the **Bell Telephone Hour** will launch its bi-weekly musicals in color with a lavish show, headed by Harry Belafonte and Rosemary Clooney, on Friday, Sept. 29 on NBC-TV, 9:30 to 10:30 P.M., EDT).

Adlai Stevenson Reports is the title of a new series of bi-weekly programs designed to increase public knowledge of the U.S. mission to the UN. Ambassador Stevenson will report on the work being done by his mission and discuss current topics with world leaders as his guests. The program begins Sunday, Oct. 1, 3 to 3:30 P.M., EDT, on ABC-TV.

For his **Wonderful World of Color** NBC-TV program, Walt Disney has secured a two-hour film titled *The Magnificent Rebel*, a German-made biography of Ludwig van Beethoven starring Karl Boehm. The film, directed by George Tressler, is being released currently as a theater feature in Europe, South America, and Asia.

Among other new shows hopefully designed to catch the eye and loyalty of TV viewers this season are **The Dick VanDyke Show** starring the lanky, laconic comedian of Broadway and TV fame. It starts on Tuesday, Oct. 3, 8 to 8:30 P.M., EDT, on CBS-TV.

The Alvin Show is a new animated cartoon series starring Alvin, the mischievous singing chipmunk, and his brothers, Simon and Theodore. *Alvin* will tune up Wednesdays at 7:30 to 8 P.M., EDT, on CBS-TV.

A show with the curious name **1, 2, 3—Go!** is designed to illuminate the world of childhood and stimulate youthful curiosity. It premieres on NBC-TV Sunday, Oct. 8, 6:30 to 7 P.M., NYT. Continuing stars of the program will be an 11-year-old boy and his adult guide. The guide, a modern Merlin, will send the child on far-ranging adventures: into outer space, to the bottom of the ocean, on a tiger hunt, or face-to-face with the heroes of his generation.

BOOKS

The Convict and the Stained Glass Windows by Carmelo Soraci (John Day, \$4.50). In his own words, Carmelo Soraci tells how beauty and devotion to art triumphed over poverty and frustration. While serving a life sentence for forgery, Mr. Soraci was asked by the prison warden to paint a mural and design stained glass windows for the Church of the Good Thief being built by prisoners.

Learning to Serve by Father Charles J. Carmody (Bruce Publishing Co., \$1.25). An excellent handbook for the instruction of new altar boys. It will help parents to participate in this all-important step in a boy's education.

Feasting Galore by Maura Lavery (Holt, Rinehart & Winston, \$3.95). Recipes and food lore from Ireland that will make your mouth water and your hand turn quickly to the egg-beater. Recipes include such Irish favorites as simnel cake, a special cake for mothers, boxty-on-the-griddle (potato pancake), and matrimony jam (bananas, oranges, and lemons).



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St. Anne: Grandmother of Our Saviour

Review by Father Francis Beauchesne Thornton

THE IDEA for this illuminating book, written by America's most admired woman author, Frances Parkinson Keyes, grew like a celestial snowball. It started one year with a Christmas card Mrs. Keyes sent to friends.

The front of the card carried Luini's lovely portrait of St. Anne, the Blessed Virgin, and the Holy Child. The message inside was in part as follows.

"A friend of mine was trying to tell her little granddaughter the story of the Nativity, and the child kept saying, 'But I don't understand why Mary and Joseph had to go to a stable. Why didn't they go to Grandma's?'"

"I have recalled this story many times since, and each time it evokes different thoughts.

"If Anne stayed home in Nazareth when Mary, who was 'with child,' went to Bethlehem, wasn't she very anxious about her daughter and very eager to learn

about the new baby? Did she hear the 'good tidings of great joy,' if not directly from the angels, then from some kindly neighbor who came back to Nazareth before Mary and Joseph? Did the Star in the East shed its light far enough for her to see? Did her first anxiety mount to anguish when she learned about the slaughter of the Innocents?

"Did Jesus spend much time with her in the little house where the angel had announced His coming? Did she invite John to stay there, too, so that the small cousins would be company for each other? Was it she who taught Jesus to read?"

"These are some of the questions I ask myself about St. Anne as I make my Christmas preparations. For I do so nowadays largely in my own capacity as a grandmother."

The card evoked a flood of answers. At the urging of friends,

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Mrs. Keyes enlarged it into an article which the NCWC sent all over the English and Spanish-speaking world. This time a veritable deluge of mail begged Mrs. Keyes to write a book on the subject.

The foregoing is revealed by Mrs. Keyes in her Introduction. That behind her, she plunges into the story of St. Anne's life. Using the several ancient traditional sources available, she fits them into a glowing mosaic.

In Part II Mrs. Keyes takes you on a flying-carpet visit to the great shrines of the world where the power of St. Anne shines out to those who love her: Auray and Apt in France, St. Anne of Jerusalem, St. Anne de

Beaupre, shrines in Asia, Africa, and the U.S.

Finally, in Part III, Mrs. Keyes skims off the cream of the poems and hymns in which St. Anne is glorified back through the centuries. The author has collected pictures of some 80 paintings and statues of St. Anne.

The result is an opulent book, lovely to both touch and sight, a genuine ornament in any library.

St. Anne: Grandmother of Our Saviour is an illustrated 189-page book published by Julian Messner, Inc., New York City, at \$5 (but only \$2.95 to Catholic Digest Book Club members). To join the club, write: Catholic Digest Book Club, CD19, 100 6th Ave., New York City 13.

Our GOOD-BY to FATHER CARLESS

By Patricia Young

HIS REAL name was Father Charles Carless, but we called him Father Christmas. I can see him now: a stockily built man with white hair cut as short as winter frost, seated beside the driver of a wagon that brought sacks of coal, and sometimes food, to the poverty-stricken parishioners of St. Anne's in the East End of London.

His black clerical suit was green with age and frayed at the cuffs; but his cheeks were rosy and his eyes bright blue, and he was a cheerful man. We never thought of him as being poor or hungry.

Everyone knew that Father Carless went to the meat auction on Christmas Eve and got wonderful bargains. There was an understanding among the hungry shoppers that no one would ever outbid him. Sometimes the auctioneers became annoyed at the sudden hush among the bidders, but he always got his meat cheap.

He finally had time to make a leisurely tour of his poor parish in London's East End

Father Carless had come to St. Anne's in 1912, about ten years before I was born. He came from Ireland, some said, though he had no brogue.

Ours was a poor parish even before the depression. But when the docks, rope factory, and sugar refinery closed down there was nothing except Father Carless and the dole.

We children couldn't remember drinking milk until Father had it brought into the school: one third of a pint per child per day. Many of the youngsters were without shoes until he mustered up shipments of old ones and a few new pairs scrounged from the local merchants. Breakfast and lunch tickets for use at the meal kitchen were issued by Father

each day at assembly. Supper at home meant soup and a slice of bread and margarine.

My memories of Father Carless reach back to the time of my First Communion. Most of the parents of the children had managed to beg or borrow white dresses and veils, and, of course, white shoes. The kids talked about the coming event for weeks. I didn't. I was the odd one who would be wearing ugly black boots because polio had left me with a crippled foot.

One afternoon on my way home from school, I met Father Carless. He asked me if I was excited about making my First Communion. The dam of my secret emotions burst, and I told him about the black boots.

He drew me close. (I remember thinking that the darn in the knee of his pants was a lot neater than that in my father's). He gave me a piece of candy and said, after a moment, "well, black boots aren't so bad, you know. Some people have no legs at all." Just the same, he persuaded my parents to let me wear white sneakers for the occasion. How happily I

wobbled my way down the aisle to the altar rail!

Then there was the time I won a statue of the Blessed Virgin for being highest in our annual catechism examination. Flying home to show my parents my treasure, I tripped and fell outside the rectory. Father came out to pick up the pieces of me and the statue. He dried my tears and gave me a rosary.

"It was made by a soldier in a German prisoner-of-war camp," he explained. "The beads are all carved from bullets." I was impressed. (My bullet rosary was later to be lost in the bombing of London during the 2nd World War).

Father Carless organized an annual picnic where we sat among real trees and flowers and ate strawberries sprinkled with sugar. He also arranged for our weeks at the fresh-air camp for underprivileged children, magic-lantern shows at the church hall, and the exciting trips on the free ferry across the River Thames.

Mrs. Allison, Father's housekeeper, was always shaking her head over him. "That man is starving himself to



death," she used to tell my mother. "Why, do you know I can't even patch his underwear any more!" Not that Father Carless ever listened to Mrs. Allison's scolding. He simply went on ministering to his flock and to any other strays that came along.

Everyone beat a path to St. Anne's rectory. South African deck hands who were only a few weeks away from their jungle tribes came, wanting to know where to buy a secondhand "white man's" suit to replace their native cottons. Father's study was a center for information on everything from where to pawn a watch to how to grow vegetables in a six-by-four back yard.

I've seen him jump in between two burly stevedores to break up a fight outside a pub; and I've seen him quietly helping an old lady pin up her week's wash. As soon as the eviction men came around to turn a family into the street for not paying their rent, a crowd would gather and the cry would go out, "Send for Father Carless!" Half a dozen kids would take off to the rectory, while others sped through the streets in case he was doing his rounds. These were the occasions when I saw him at his angriest, his blue eyes blazing, his jaw set, and his voice raised in argument. The furniture always stayed in the house.

He tried to raise money in the parish, but that was difficult to

do when the biggest coin in the collection box was likely to be a penny. We children donated a halfpenny and sometimes a farthing. Father Carless organized rummage sales and concerts, and tried to create jobs for his out-of-work parishioners. My father, a scholarly linguist, did odd jobs of translating and elegant sign writing for local merchants who, but for the pastor's insistence, would just as soon have scribbled their prices in pencil.

At the outbreak of the 2nd World War, Father Carless immediately had all the children of his parish evacuated to Wales. There were tears in his eyes as he tagged them, blessed them, and put them on the train. A few months later, St. Anne's parish was to feel the brunt of the most concentrated bombing of any area in London. Thousands of tons of high explosives rained down on the docks, factories, and tenements.

Father Carless stayed right on ministering to the people who couldn't or wouldn't leave their homes. A dozen times he was reported killed, but always turned up again performing some magnificent feat of courage. When a school filled with some 400 bombed-out persons was razed by a bomb, he was first on the scene, clawing at the rubble alongside firemen and rescue workers looking for possible survivors. When the church roof was

damaged, he was soon up there covering the holes with wooden slats and sheets of tarpaulin.

When Father Carless died of heart failure soon after the end of the war, his stunned parishioners wondered what fitting tribute they could pay him. Most of the families had returned to what remained of the parish. Many had squeezed themselves into bomb-damaged houses that the council had not got around to tearing down. Although jobs were a little more plentiful now, it was too late to put more money into the collection box or buy him a new suit.

Then someone remembered Father's constant wish, "If only I had more time to get around and see everyone." His "everyone" had always extended far beyond his own parishioners to include poor people of every creed.

Members of the Holy Name society set about making this simple wish come true. The procession carrying Father Carless' coffin started out from the church early on a Saturday morning. Members of the Holy Family fraternity, the Sodality of the Sacred Heart, the Catholic Women's league, and the Children of Mary followed with their banners. The procession grew as groups joined it unofficially: Jews, Lascars, East Indians, Negroes, Greeks.

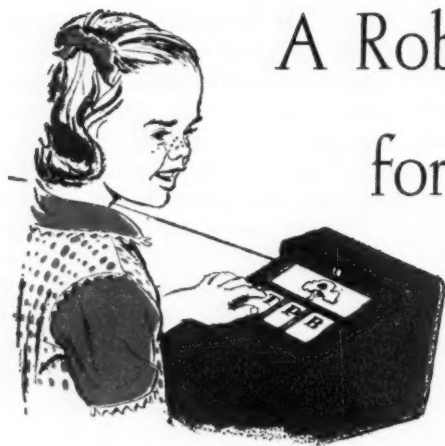
Father Carless was taken on a

last, long, leisurely visit among his people: through the open-air market where the stall owners removed their caps and stopped shouting their wares; past the meat auction where he had bought his Christmas meat.

Women came to their doors wiping wash-weary hands. The garbage collector drew his cart to the side of the road and bowed his head. (Father had got him his job).

The men stopped for a minute at the window of the bedridden old lady whom Father had managed to visit once a week. Someone at the rope factory sounded one long solemn good-by on the whistle, and dozens of factory workers came to peer through the iron gate as the coffin was carried past. The children, some still wearing shoes he had provided or clutching toys he had given them at last year's Christmas party, stared in silent hurt.

It is a long time since I left England, and several times since I have considered trying to find out exactly where Father Carless came from. I don't think I ever will. For somehow I feel that he came to us straight from God, designed especially for poor people who lived on potato soup. In any event, I hope to meet him again some day. He shouldn't be hard to find. I'll just ask for the place where the poor kids play.



A Robot Assistant for Teacher

*He will do an excellent
job for 35c an hour*

By Ian Braley

*Condensed from "Today's Living"**

AN EXCITED group of high-schoolers clustered around the desk. The subject was the binary number system, which bores or scares most students; but the instructor had exact knowledge and infinite patience, plus a method of matching the material exactly to the student's increasing skill. The teen-agers watched intently, and they learned rapidly and well.

How much would such an instructor cost a school district? One estimate: 35c an hour.

The dream instructor is a machine, one of several that have appeared recently as a result of ex-

periments by pioneers like psychologist B. F. Skinner of Harvard. In one experiment Dr. Skinner trained pigeons to play a fiercely competitive game of ping-pong. His laboratory stunt showed how learning can be speeded up: break the material into easily understandable steps; then "reward" the pupil immediately, as soon as he masters each step.

The pigeons get grain as their reward; the student gets the thrill of choosing the right answer. According to Dr. Skinner's theory, the key to teaching rapidly is the promptness of the satisfaction. Ideally the student should know whether he's right or wrong within seconds. The usual quiz paper, even when corrected the next day, is far too slow.

* 230 W. 41st St., New York City 36. Sept. 4, 1960. © 1960 by the New York Herald Tribune, Inc., and reprinted with permission.

Since people learn at different rates of speed, only a tutor can give immediate satisfaction. In the normal classroom the most skillful teacher can't do it consistently for 40 or even for four students. We can't supply 35 million tutors for 35 million school-age youngsters. Can the job be done by machines?

The psychologists suspect that it can *in part*. To make sure, Hamilton college has started a \$204,000 research project underwritten by a branch of the Ford Foundation. Prof. Charles God-charles and several others are working out teaching-machine versions of elementary French, German, mathematics, and several other subjects. Frances Mech-ner, of the Schering Corp., in Bloomfield, N.J., is trying to do the same thing with elementary algebra, while several others in such widely separated areas as Arizona and Pennsylvania are concentrating on spelling.

Can such projects lead to mechanical tyranny? Many casual observers have had qualms about the absorbed attention that the machines get from students. Are they the path to a robot-directed world?

Hardly. The best protection against educational tyranny is an inspired teacher. No one expects to replace the teacher with a machine. If the machines fulfill their promise, however, they'll take over jobs similar to those they

handle in industry. They will perform the essential drudgery of drill on basic concepts and facts.

Teaching will command more skill than ever, but the skill will be applied to the situations that only human brains can handle, not dissipated in routine. No machine can teach children to write or paint or compose; but a teacher relieved of the task of drilling parts of speech or types of pigments or musical scales into young minds would have a better chance to reach all his students.

In New York City, Collegiate school reports that automated teaching is about twice as efficient as conventional methods in teaching French spelling to 6th and 7th graders. The school now uses the technique in teaching Russian and mathematics. For senior-high students, automated programs are planned in chemistry, biology, physics, and English grammar.

In California, Western Design is marketing an Auto-Tutor that gives courses ranging from fundamentals of electronics to the mastery of golf.

How do the machines work? Rheem Califone Corp. has a machine that resembles a typewriter in size, shape, and price. It has an opening on top through which the student can write answers on an adding-machine tape. A question shows through a window. The student writes his answer, then turns a knob that shoves his writ-

ing under the glass. The same knob exposes the correct answer and a new question. If right, the student punches the "Correct" button. The next time he goes through the lesson that question won't come up.

Another Rheem Califone machine, to be priced at around \$250, is called a "Pressey" type after Dr. Sidney J. Pressey of Ohio State, who developed some of the first automated teaching devices in the 1920's. Instead of writing the answer, the student presses one of three buttons labeled "Yes," "No," and "Neither." If his answer is correct, a green light blinks and the machine pulls the program forward to the next question. If wrong, the machine stops. If errors climb above 10%, it's assumed that the material is too complex for the student, and he tries another program.

The Auto-Tutor lists at \$4,975 (which means 35c per hour including upkeep, according to the manufacturer's arithmetic). The program, placed on 35-mm film, is projected on a screen about the size of a typewritten page. Any of 10,000 images can be chosen by pushing the right combination of numbered buttons.

The screen poses a question: "What result (product) would we get if we used 3 as a factor twice in a multiplication?" If you punch the buttons that correspond to the answer 6, the machine exposes an image that politely tells

you what a goof you've made, and why. But if you answer 9, you get a warm glow as the machine replies, "You are correct," and poses another question.

Harry F. Silberman of the non-profit Systems Development Corp. has been working on a teaching machine built around a refrigerator-size Bendix G-15 electronic computer. It will have everything a teaching machine could logically use, and it will stay in the laboratory as a research tool. It will be programed so that the student will start out with a rush, answering tough questions and picking up knowledge in large chunks. If he makes too many errors, however, the machine will automatically switch him to an easier program that covers the ground in smaller steps. If he still has trouble, the machine will patiently change to a still easier program. ("If he can't do that one," an SDC engineer says, "a little sign pops up that says, 'Go home!'")

Norman A. Crowder, while at the Hoover Electronics Co., produced scrambled workbooks as teaching aids. The first few pages of these workbooks pose questions and offer a choice of answers. Pick the first answer. The directions will tell you to turn to page 31, where the book explains where you went wrong. Turn back and pick the second answer. The book directs you to page 27, where you find the grati-

fying news: "You are correct"—plus another question.

The difficulty with scrambled workbooks is the lack of control. Machines can stop the student from going ahead when he misses too much of the basic material; workbooks can't. But psychologists still don't know whether or not such control is essential. That is one of the questions for research to answer. Manhattan's Collegiate school recently finished an experiment. Over a two-week period, high-school freshmen, sophomores, and juniors learned certain complex mathematical ideas equally well with either programmed texts or teaching machines.

Psychologists debate the ideal size of the steps of learning. The Skinnerians maintain that everything possible should be done to make sure that the student gets the right answer on his first try. The steps should therefore be small. A one-semester program may contain 5,000 or 10,000 questions.

The opposition argues that a student learns well from his mistakes, too, if the reasons for them are made plain. But in an experiment by Edward B. Fry at the University of Southern California, beginning 9th-grade students of Spanish learned more by constructing their own answers (Skinner method) than by a choose-your-answer technique, although it took them longer.

Results like these whet the psychologists' appetite for more. For one thing, no one can be sure that learning a language is the same kind of brain activity as learning mathematics or history. Nor can the psychologists be certain that 9th graders learn in precisely the same way in which 1st graders or college students do.

Machines that teach have been around for centuries. A book is essentially a machine; so is a blackboard. But the first machines designed to pose a problem, get a response, and react immediately according to that response evolved during the 1920's and 1930's.

One of Dr. Pressey's devices was a piece of paper containing questions and a choice of answers. The student chose his answer by punching a pencil hole in the right place. The board that backed up the paper had deeper holes behind the right answers than behind the wrong ones. The student knew immediately whether he was right or wrong by the distance the pencil penetrated. Although crude, such devices hinted loudly of future possibilities.

Then came the 2nd World War and some of the most gigantic educational efforts in history. Short on qualified instructors, the armed forces used a variety of gadgets to train men in physical skills. The Link Trainer, for example, gave thousands of would-

be pilots their first simulated solo. The rapid development of electronic computers also contributed to the teaching-machine boom.

Scientists are quick to point out that the machines are merely hardware. The really important

breakthrough came with increased understanding of the way in which students learn. Dr. Skinner's experiments uncovered new knowledge with an importance far beyond that of the flashing lights of electronic marvels.

PEOPLE ARE LIKE THAT

Rising college costs had forced me to give up school. At 19, I was bitterly discouraged at the prospect that such youth and intelligence as mine were to be wasted outside ivy walls. As long as I could remember, I had planned some day to teach and to write. But how was I to teach over a typewriter or find self-expression in a monthly report?

Then I met Mrs. Marks. I had been dawdling over the boss' correspondence, busily feeling sorry for myself, when I looked up to see her standing beside me. She had a mop over her shoulder and carried a pail in her hand. "Smile, honey," she said to me. "Why, you look as if you were just thrown out of school."

"You're not far wrong," I said sourly, and went on to explain. Mrs. Marks listened attentively, but with no expression of sympathy, and I found my tragic life story falling rather flat.

"You are a failure all right, honey, if you can't learn anything here," she said as she departed.

I tried to dismiss her as just another older person who couldn't know what youth must suffer. Then came some extra busy days, and I found myself working overtime nearly every night. I began seeing more of Mrs. Marks.

Our talk usually turned to school subjects, and I was astounded at the range of her interests. She encouraged me to trot out my old English literature notes, and we were soon playing a kind of quiz game.

One rainy day I was opening the office mail and found among the bills and circulars an envelope addressed to me. Inside was an invitation to graduation exercises at a nearby State Teachers' college. On it was written, "To a failure from your first pupil."

Of course it was from Mrs. Marks. She was to be graduated *magna cum laude* a few days hence after nine years of night school. She had dropped out of college when her mother died. After helping to bring up her younger brothers and sisters she had taken this job as a cleaning woman and had registered as a part-time student.

I'm returning to school this fall with renewed hope in the wonders that can be learned over a typewriter—at least if one looks up once in a while at the people around it!

Marie Drobnjak.

HOUSTON:

City of Superlatives

Whatever Texas has, Houston has most of it

By Raymond Holbrook

A few years ago, a national five-and-ten chain purchased a corner in downtown Houston, Texas, for slightly more than \$3 million, which figured out to \$2,000 a front inch. The magnitude of the transaction was pleasing but not surprising

to the residents of Texas' largest and the nation's seventh most populous city. The same corner seven years before had sold for only one third that price.

In its rate of growth, as in most other respects, Houston is a city of superlatives. The city became the capital of a republic before a single street had been graded. Its birth was brought about



by one of the shrewdest real-estate promotions in American history.

On April 21, 1836, a tattered army of 900 under Gen. Sam Houston defeated a much larger Mexican force on nearby San Jacinto battlefield to win independence for Texas and create a new republic. The smoke of battle had hardly cleared before two canny New England brothers, John K. and Augustus C. Allen, bought a league and a half of wilderness, most of it at \$1 an acre, part down and the balance later.

Augustus drew a map laying off a 60-block townsite for their "Houston City." Glowing advertisements were composed. Brother John hustled off to Columbia, where the newly formed Congress of Texas was to designate the site for a temporary capital.

Although several of the long-established communities in Texas made strong bids, the nonexistent city of Houston was a leading contender on the first ballot. That the new city was named for Texas' greatest hero and first president gave the Allens a psychological advantage. John's eloquence and his offer to construct the buildings as well as donate the site so moved the penniless and homeless government that Houston was selected.

The first officials and immigrants to arrive in Houston were puzzled. Although the Allens had

portrayed Houston as a major seaport, the townsite was accessible only by the shallowest craft, and passengers had to clear driftwood out of the tortuous Buffalo bayou. A few newcomers continued upstream, unaware that they had passed the capital.

The first view of the city itself was disheartening. In a small clearing were a few tents (one of which served as a saloon), several log shacks under construction, no streets, and ankle-deep mud.

Still, new settlers poured into Houston. Gail Borden, who was later to become the nation's milkman, started a newspaper. By the following May, when President Houston addressed the first congress in a roofless state house, about 800 homes and buildings stood in varying degrees of completion.

John J. Audubon, the famed naturalist, arrived in the capital at this time. He was more fascinated by the Houstonians than by the wildlife he had come to study. He was appalled by the drunken Indians he saw stumbling through the muddy streets, brandishing tomahawks, "whooping and hallooing."

There was more substance to Houston but little more cultural progress when Father John Timon arrived in January, 1839, to celebrate Mass. The city now had a population of 5,000, a theater, several hotels, many saloons, and a jail; but no churches or schools.



*Sam Houston Monument,
Hermann Park*

Only a handful of Catholics attended the first Mass, but Father Timon was invited to preach in the capitol. His sermon was warmly received. Among those attending were Sam Houston, Vice President David G. Burnet, most of the legislators, and two Baptist and two Methodist ministers. Father Timon was dismayed to find only 300 Catholics in Houston, but the response to his sermon in the capitol was encouraging.

A Catholic, the Spanish explorer Alvar Nunez Cabeza de Vaca,

was the first white man ever to visit the area where Houston now stands. Shipwrecked on the Texas coast in 1528, he and his companions worked their way inland and lived with the Indians until they were finally able to make their way to Mexico. In later years Franciscans crisscrossed the area as they traveled between Mexico and the scattered missions in East Texas.

Under the Mexican constitution the Catholic faith was the official religion. But the revolt against Mexico was political, not religious, and some of the Mexican Catholics joined the colonists in the battle for independence.

President Houston was eager to have the new republic receive recognition from the Church; and he preferred that the Church ties be American rather than Mexican. In early 1837 Bishop Antonio Blanc of New Orleans sent Father Timon to Texas. Three years later the Prefecture Apostolic of Texas was created.

Father Timon was named prefect apostolic, and Father John M. Odin, who soon joined him, was named vice prefect and pastor of Houston and Galveston.

Father Odin, on July 17, 1842, dedicated Houston's first Catholic church: St. Vincent de Paul, a tiny chapel with 20 pews. It was Houston's second church, completed a few months after the Presbyterians finished a building started several years earlier.

A short time after Texas became the 28th star on the U.S. flag, the Diocese of Texas was created, with Galveston as its see, and Father Odin as its first bishop.

In the same year, 1847, some Ursuline Sisters from New Orleans arrived in Galveston to found a convent. Then followed the erection of St. Mary's cathedral, whose statue of Mary, Star of the Sea, atop the belfry tower, has been a symbol of the church's invincibility for more than a century on the hurricane-torn site.

The histories of Houston and Galveston, an island city only 50 miles away, have been closely linked. In the 19th century, Galveston was the mother city to Catholics, not just in Houston but in much of Texas.

Though they had close spiritual ties, there was fierce economic competition between the two cities, and the location of Galveston and its well-protected port gave it an initial advantage in vying for shipping. In the long run, the Houston Chamber of Commerce and nature were to tilt the scales in favor of the inland city.

The loss of the capitol to Austin and the growing importance of Galveston as a seaport darkened the future of Houston and prompted the formation in 1840 of its Chamber of Commerce, which is now one of the largest

bodies of its kind in the nation.

Fulfilling the Allens' boast that Houston was a great seaport kept the Chamber of Commerce and other civic groups busy. Houston, as Will Rogers put it, had "to dig a ditch and bring the sea to its door." The original Buffalo bayou was so shallow and narrow that early pilots preferred side-wheelers, which they said could chew out their own channel and, if necessary, get traction by letting the giant paddles run on the banks.

By public subscription, lotteries, and municipal, state, and federal aid, the channel was improved. In 1914 Houston became a truly deep-water port with the completion of the 51-mile Houston ship channel. It was officially opened by President Woodrow Wilson, who fired a cannon by remote control to signal the fulfillment of the Allens' boast. It has been continually improved, and is now being dredged to a depth of 40 feet and a width of 400 feet.

While the Houston Chamber of Commerce was busy digging its channel, nature turned her fury on Galveston. Hurricanes had often raked the island, and in August, 1900, the most disastrous of all struck. Galveston was all but wiped away. While the death toll was never accurately determined, between 5,000 and 7,000 lives were lost.

Five months later nature smil-

ed on Houston. Spindletop, the granddaddy of all Texas oil gushers, blew in near Beaumont to tap one of the richest petroleum reserves in the world. That launched the development of Houston as a global oil and gas center.

Even before the discovery of oil or the completion of the ship channel, Houston had done well economically. Railroads had fanned out into the rapidly developing state, funneling cattle, lumber,

cotton, and other agricultural products into Houston. By 1895 the city was the chief rail center in Texas and the second largest cotton market in the world.

"Whatever Texas has, Houston has most of it," a Houstonian has said.

It has the largest population (938,219) in the state, which means that one out of every ten Texans is a Houstonian. It has the largest area: a sprawling 450 square miles.

Its San Jacinto monument is the tallest in the world, at 570 feet towering nearly 25 feet above the Washington monument. The only surviving battleship of the old dreadnought class, the USS *Texas*, is now permanently moored nearby.

The port of Houston ranks first in Texas and third in the nation in total tonnage handled. Its wharves, docks, and railroad facilities, capable of berthing 85 vessels and 47 barges simultaneously, make it the largest marshaling and distribution center in the South.

It is as a world oil center that Houston looms the largest. It is the hub of the oil industry in the Gulf Southwest, the four-state region of Texas, Louisiana, Arkansas, and Oklahoma. This region holds nearly three quarters of the known reserves of liquid hydrocarbon and approximately four fifths of the known reserves of natural gas in the U.S.



Seaport Docks

The industry has spun a giant web of pipelines to collect and distribute oil and gas and to provide product interchange between plants. Because by-products of one petrochemical plant may be used as feed stocks in other plants, the "Spaghetti Bowl," a network of chemical pipelines, connects 32 major and seven underground salt domes used for storage in the Houston area.

Houston is a city with plenty of elbow room. Its streets and boulevards are wide. It has many skyscrapers (the new 44-story Humble building will be one of the loftiest west of the Mississippi) but they are so spaced as to give an uncrowded feeling. Parks and squares with magnificent trees and lovely flowers give a gardenlike atmosphere to much of the city.

If early-day Houston was neglectful of its churches, it has more than made amends in the years that followed.

All Houston was in holiday attire for the parade and ceremony that marked the laying of the cornerstone of the Church of the Annunciation in downtown Houston on April 25, 1869. Two and a half years later the church was formally dedicated by Father Joseph Querat. The church, with its massive Gothic spire and deep-set stained-glass windows, is one of the historical landmarks of downtown Houston.

The old original St. Vincent de

Paul church was sold shortly after Annunciation was dedicated, and for some years the latter was the only Catholic church in Houston. As the city grew, new parishes were formed: St. Joseph's, Sacred Heart, Immaculate Conception, Holy Name, St. Anne's.

Much of the Catholic growth, coinciding with Houston's expanding population during the last decade, has been under the direction of Bishop Wendelin J. Nold of Galveston-Houston, who succeeded Bishop Christopher E. Byrne in 1950. Today, with 56 churches and a population of 130,000, Catholics are the third largest religious body in Houston.

Houston is an educational and medical center. Catholics were pioneers in education and medicine in the city. The first parochial school, administered by the Church of St. Vincent de Paul, was established in 1842, 18 years before the first public school was opened.

An expansion program at the University of St. Thomas, a co-educational liberal-arts college, is expected to swell the present enrollment of about 500 to 2,500 during the next decade. Another Catholic institution is Sacred Heart Dominican college, which specializes in the training of teachers.

The University of Houston, with 13,000 students, is the second largest university in the state. Rice university, formerly



Annunciation Church

Rice institute, with 2,000 students, is nationally known for its high academic standards. Texas Southern university, with nearly 3,000 students, is one of the two largest Negro colleges in the state.

The oldest hospital in Houston is St. Joseph's infirmary, which had its beginning in 1887, when

six nuns of the Sisters of Charity of the Incarnate Word took over an old, dilapidated frame building. For many years it was the city's only hospital.

The \$100 million Texas Medical center is located on a 163-acre tract on the south side. It includes four huge general hospitals, two children's hospitals, the M.D. Anderson hospital and Tumor institute, Baylor university College of Medicine, and University of Texas Dental branch.

Culture in Houston is abundant and on occasions flamboyant. The Museum of Fine Arts and the Museum of Contemporary Art are the principal art centers. The "theater in the round" was pioneered in Houston, where drama is a year-round attraction, with three legitimate theaters and several little-theater groups.

The Houston Symphony orchestra, one of the nation's best, has been conducted for five years by Leopold Stokowski. This fall he will be succeeded by Sir John Barbirolli. The 38-year-old, 90-member orchestra has a budget of more than half a million dollars, the largest of any Texas symphony. More than 90% of all available seats were sold before the last concert season began.

Like other seaports, Houston has drawn its population from nearly every country in the world. There are many Latin Americans, whose forefathers had helped spread Catholicism across

Mexico and the Southwest long before Europeans settled the Atlantic seaboard. Among the Negro population are descendants of Louisiana Negroes who have preserved their French dialect. Our Mother of Mercy church has had a central place in their lives.

Geographically Houston is a Southern city, but it is not a typical Southern city. With limited school integration begun, a Negro member on the school board, and city buses voluntarily desegregated, its racial climate is far more moderate than that of many Southern cities lying hundreds of miles farther north. Although Texas was a Confederate state, in Houston the Civil war is history, not an issue. Houstonians are too busy building, working, making money, and enjoying it to sit around sniffing magnolia blossoms and thinking about what happened to grandpa at Shiloh.

Just how many millionaires Houston has is a debatable question. One authority holds that the city has as many millionaires as General Houston had men at the Battle of San Jacinto. An exact count is difficult because in Houston a millionaire who just keeps his millions can go unnoticed. To get any attention, he must give away, throw away, or lose millions. Many Houston millionaires have become known by giving money away. The pattern was set by William Marsh Rice, who arrived penniless in Houston in

1837, made a fortune as an importer and exporter, and left more than \$5 million to establish Rice institute.

Of latter-day philanthropists, Hugh Roy Cullen, who died in 1957, has been the pace setter. Shortly after his arrival, Cullen made his first contribution: a \$5 check to the Salvation Army. Some Houston historians don't count that as the official beginning of his philanthropy because the check bounced. Then Cullen struck oil. He subsequently gave away \$160 million through the Cullen foundation alone.



EYEBROWS like small auxiliary mustaches. *Ross Macdonald* . . . I could see the whites of her lies. *Mary Garden* . . . The TV rerun tradition is that the show must go on and on and on. *Oscar Homolka* . . . Tricycle: tot rod. *Daniel Desaulniers* . . . June dusk, daylight-saved beyond its normal span. *Herb Caen* . . . A grin you could use for a foot rule. *Marion Hargrove* . . . A Miss-Somebody's-School-for-Girls voice. *Patricia Farrell* . . . My garden is a bed of neuroses. *Corey Ford*.

[You are invited to submit similar figures of speech, for which \$4 will be paid on publication. Exact source must be given. Contributions from similar departments in other magazines will not be accepted. Submissions cannot be acknowledged or returned.

—Ed.]

Dr. Tom Bain Goes to Africa

*And takes his wife
and children with him*



Dr. and Mrs. Thomas H. Bain

By Charles Oxtan

DR. THOMAS H. Bain, his wife Ruth, and their four children sailed out of New York harbor one day last spring. It was a cherished moment.

The ship would take them to Beira in Mozambique, East Africa. Then they would make their way overland to Southern Rhodesia, through the heart of Africa.

"We plan to stay at least three years," 31-year-old Dr. Bain wrote a friend, "and if God wills it, we may stay for life."

In a world that still feels the impact of the late Dr. Tom Dooley, the tale of Dr. Tom Bain

may not seem very extraordinary. Nevertheless, when Dr. Bain left his homeland he was a pioneer.

As a member of the recently formed Mission Doctors association of Los Angeles, he became the first physician with a family to be sent abroad by a Catholic lay organization in the U.S. He is only the tenth Catholic lay doctor from America laboring in the mission field.

Two years earlier Dr. Bain, a graduate of the Medical College of Virginia, had written Msgr. Anthony J. Brouwers, executive secretary of the Mission Doctors association and director of the

Lay Mission Helpers of the Los Angeles diocese. At the time, Bain was an army medical officer stationed at Fort Bragg, N. C. He explained that his tour of duty had more than a year to run and that when it was finished he wanted to do medical mission work.

Monsignor Brouwers already had as many married couples with families in the Lay Mission Helpers group as he could handle. He referred Dr. Bain to the White Fathers in Washington, D.C.

But in May, 1959, the monsignor got an offer of help in setting up a Mission Doctors association.

It was a godsend. Under the direction of Dr. James Maloney, Jr., a professor of surgery at the University of California in Los Angeles, an agenda was drawn up. Working with him were Dr. Bernard J. O'Loughlin, an associate at UCLA, and Drs. Thomas Havel, Charles Westerbeck, and Richard J. Lescoc.

Just then a second letter arrived from Dr. Bain. The White Fathers couldn't use him.

"When he wrote to us a second time," Monsignor Brouwers said, "we were ready." A questionnaire was sent to him covering family, schooling, and references, and *why* he wanted to be a lay missioner.

"I believe," Bain wrote back, "that by working as a lay mis-

sioner I will be a better Catholic, husband, and father. At the same time I will help to carry out the command, 'Go forth and teach all nations.' I can help counteract communism. The current 'battle for men's minds' is one of the most crucial problems facing our civilization. It will not be decided by idly sitting by."

Since his wife was to be a partner in the proposed venture, she was asked to fill out the same questionnaire. Ruth, 29, dark-haired and gracious, was equally idealistic. Her college degree in biology and chemistry would enable her to be of real help to her husband. More important, she interpreted her interest in mission work as a repayment to God for a host of personal blessings.

She wrote, "I was born into a Catholic family in the richest country in the world, was given a college education, and enjoy good health. I think it is God's will I share some of these things."

Monsignor Brouwers turned the Bains over to Doctor Maloney, who took a sympathetic but cautious approach. He was not sure, but he thought that the Mission Doctors association would be able to place them before too long. Such matters as entry permits, housing and facilities, and an orientation period in Los Angeles had to be settled.

In January, 1961, the Bains came out to Los Angeles. Both talked to the committee of doc-

tors and gained a pretty good idea of the caliber of the team which would be backing them up.

It was decided that Dr. Bain would intern at a new hospital operated by the Bethlehem Sisters of Switzerland in Dreifontein, Southern Rhodesia.

Plans call for sending a Catholic doctor there every six months and keeping two mission doctors on duty at the hospital at all times. Already nine other doctors are preparing to join the Bains.

Maintaining doctors abroad presents some formidable problems. They must be assured of a constant supply of up-to-date medicines and the best equipment. The bush-country medicine of the past will no longer fill the bill. The people whom the mission doctors hope to serve have enough contact with the outside world to know what others—and they could be the communists—will do if the job isn't properly done.

Another important item is the care of the families. The bishops in the various territories have agreed to provide schooling, housing, transportation, and a nominal salary. The salary won't be much; in the case of the Bains it will be \$180 a month, enough to get by.

Above all, there is the matter of spiritual formation. The goal is to have each doctor and his wife spend six months in Los Angeles studying ascetical theology,

missiology, and the customs and backgrounds of the people for whom they will work.

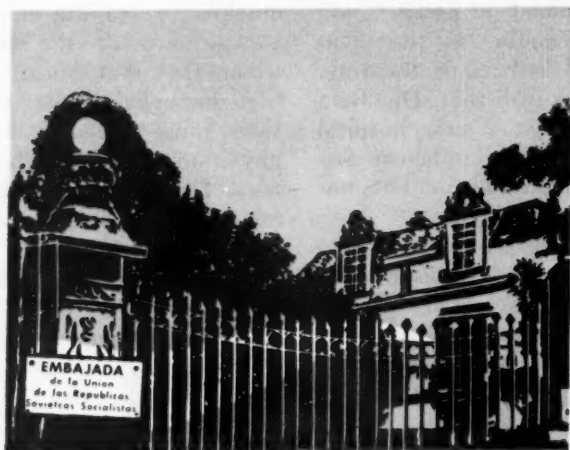
A doctor who goes to the missions must not only be a good physician, he must be a good *man*. The mission field is no place for the emotionally unstable, the pious fanatic. Husband and wife will be working as a team, giving strength to each other when the going gets rough. And the going will often be rough.

The doctor will be the day-and-night medical officer of a whole district. He must run his own dispensary, man his own hospital. He won't be able to phone another doctor.

In numerical strength, the Catholic lay-mission doctors will be a distinct minority. According to Monsignor Brouwers, more than 500 Protestant medical missionaries are overseas, compared to the ten Catholics.

When the native Africans want to compliment a white man, they say he has a "black man's heart."

"We hope they will say that of us," says Tom Bain. "We Americans have an obligation to relieve the suffering of these people, but we must do more. Lay missionaries can do some things that priests and nuns can't. We can set an example as a Christian family. I think that's the main reason we are going overseas. Each day, in our own ways, we will bear witness to the truth."



Iron Curtain at the Rio Grande?

*Greatly increased activity in Mexico City
can mean only one thing: the Reds
are getting ready for another Cuba*

*Condensed from "Nation's Business"**

MEXICO AND the USSR do so little business together that Mexico has only three of its citizens stationed in its Moscow embassy. Yet the Soviet embassy to Mexico is one of the largest in Mexico City. For several years its staff numbered about 75. There were 120 only three months ago. Now there are 140.

Up to two tons of diplomatic pouches arrive daily at the Soviet embassy. Pouches are about four feet high. Some weigh as much as 200 pounds. About 30 come in each day.

What's happening? It is evident that next door to the U.S. the timetable for communist expansion has been stepped up. En-

* 1615 H St. NW., Washington 6, D.C. June, 1961. ©1961 by Nation's Business—the Chamber of Commerce of the U.S., and reprinted with permission.

couraged by the ease with which Castro was able to repulse the recent invasion of Cuba, the communists consider their foothold in this hemisphere firmly established. Now they plan to widen their beachhead. Americans must face the prospect that at some time during the decade ahead, the communists may try to dominate Mexico.

Headquarters for the conspiracy are located at Calzada de Tacubaya 204, the address of the Soviet embassy in Mexico City. From this address all communist activities south of the U.S. are coordinated. This includes the activities of the Czechs and the Poles, as well as those of the satellite Cuban embassy, located just a block away. Antonio Montane, second secretary at the Cuban embassy, recently resigned in protest at the way the Soviets who visited his embassy directed its activities.

Among the people who live inside the Russian embassy are 15 Spaniards. As children, they were taken from Spain to Russia during the Spanish Civil War. Now thoroughly Moscow trained, they are among the most effective communist agents in Mexico. (Looking to the future, the Russians recently hauled 100 of the brightest Cuban high-school youngsters to Moscow for similar training.)

What goes on inside the high fence that surrounds Tacubaya

204 is kept secret even from telephone servicemen. They go only to the gate. Their equipment is taken from them there by Russians who make their own repairs.

It is clear, however, that not all Soviet activity in Mexico is confined to Tacubaya 204. An estimated 1,000 Mexicans are directly serving communist causes. Card-carrying party members number between 2,500 and 3,500. Also aiding the Reds are about 100 American communist families. Most of them fled the U.S. in the past several years.

The communists are engaged in a large-scale expansion of their propaganda. Bookstores carry bargain-priced literature praising communism. Attractive, expertly printed books that should cost \$12 to \$15 can be bought for as little as \$2.50 through subsidized outlets. Paperbacks on communism and anti-American themes sell for only a few cents.

The Reds also practice propaganda in reverse. Go into any of 28 bookstores in Mexico City and ask for Alberto Baeza Flores' *The Chains Come From Afar*, a book describing the Red take-over of Cuba. You will be told the store doesn't have it. The communists are paying the proprietors not to sell it.

The Reds subsidize newspapers, magazines, pamphlets, documentary films, newsreels, and some two dozen Mexican-Soviet friendship societies. Communist money

in various forms also goes to teachers, students, and newspapermen.

Communist efforts to infiltrate the labor movement, an activity with high priority in all Latin America, have so far fallen short of goals in Mexico. The Confederation of Mexican Workers, with an estimated 1.8 million members, is larger than all other unions combined. Once this group was heavily infiltrated with communists, especially in the higher echelons. Today, it is one of the most stable elements in Mexico, and its leader, Fidel Velasquez, is a strong anticommunist spokesman.

Communists operate through such organizations as the General Union of Workers and Peasants of Mexico. This is a cover organization. It has few members and no company contracts. Its operations are confined largely to rural areas.

The Workers Revolutionary federation heatedly pursues issues important to the promotion of Red ideas. The union claims 2,000 members but has only one contract involving 380 workers employed by a toilet-equipment company. Two other unions, one with about 8,000 members, the other with about 7,000, have non-communist leaders, although they are infiltrated by communist members.

The Federation of Unions of Government Employees is not a communist organization. But its

biggest unit is the teachers' union, a third of the total membership. Here is a vehicle through which communist plans could be executed in the years ahead. This explains why the communists are sparing no effort to infiltrate the schools.

In this the Reds are making conspicuous progress. Some teachers are known communists. Many sympathize.

All teachers are exposed continuously to anti-U.S. ideas. A monthly magazine distributed to them prints many articles written by Soviet and pro-Soviet authors. A recent issue blames the U.S. for trouble in Algeria, advocates the Soviet view of last year's summit conference failure, and blames the U.S. for many other world problems. Christianity is attacked. The Panama Canal and the "masters of America" are criticized. Capitalism, the periodical claims, lives under a war economy. If threat of war doesn't break out periodically, the magazine editorializes, the Americans face a crisis. Therefore, the journal concludes, Americans have propagated the theory that war is a necessary evil.

To many long-time observers of Mexico and communism, Red influence on education constitutes by far the most serious long-range threat.

Politically, the communists are now facing organization problems. Communists in Mexico are split

three ways: Popular Socialist party, Communist Party of Mexico, and the Workers and Peasants of Mexico. Efforts to bring all Reds together have failed repeatedly. It is a false hope, however, to count on a continuation of these divisions. New, vigorous efforts are being made to overcome differences.

The character of Mexican politics offers little hope for those who would rise to power through elections. There is only one political party of importance, the party in power. Two or three dozen other parties exist, but none is the remotest challenge to the party in power.

It is the aim of the communists, therefore, to infiltrate the major party and influence both its policies and the naming of officials. They want very much to be able to name the next president, who will take office in 1964.

The most important force in Mexico, other than the government, is the following of Gen. Lázaro Cardenas. He was president between 1934 and 1940, and started the Mexican nationalization of industry in 1938 by taking over the oil industry. Nationalization has continued at a swift pace until today the government operates nearly 300 companies, including railroads, airlines, steel mills, electric power, even movie houses.

As a revolutionary general, Cardenas enjoyed great popularity and even today is almost a le-

gend among the Mexicans, particularly among the peasants.

A new movement has grown up behind him. He does not admit to being a communist, nor does he deny it. To a direct question he replies that he cannot be against anything that attempts to do so much good for the world. He has traveled in Russia, Red China, and Castro's Cuba. He has had many good things to say about what is happening in those countries, and he is violently anti-American.

To shut him up officially would obviously create a greater stir than to let him speak quietly. So in the words of one high government official, "We let the fuse burn after removing the bomb."

Unofficially, the Mexican government does occasionally try to slow down Cardenas. Recently, the Cardenas group planned an anti-U.S. rally of communists and left-wingers from all over the Americas. Because all the suitable centrally located auditoriums became mysteriously unavailable, it had to be held in a ramshackle building in an outlying part of Mexico City. Also mysteriously (the government operates the newsprint distributing company), no word of the rally appeared in the regular newspapers. The rally was a great failure.

But this is only an isolated instance. To an American, the Mexican government appears to be generally indifferent to the com-

munist threat, confident that it can handle the situation. At least ten other Latin-American countries, many Mexicans sincerely believe, are in greater danger from communism than their country. It is true that a number of top-flight Mexican communists are in jail. But they are charged only with openly advocating defiance of the government. If they avoid "openly advocating defiance," other Reds seem free to carry on the build-up plans.

This raises a question. Why don't the communists go ahead faster in their efforts to take over

the government? Why not now, in 1961, rather than 1964?

The answer is that they could not—at this time. A broad-scale effort now would most likely fail and would intensify take-over problems for the long range.

The communists feel there is no need to hurry. Mexico holds great promise for them, especially in the next three to five years. Meanwhile it can be used as a base for infiltrating other Latin-American countries and for espionage on the U.S. In any case, the battle for Mexico is on. The Reds intend to win.



IN THE CATHOLIC DIGEST NEXT MONTH

● Why do Sisters wear those uncomfortable old habits? Why don't they dress as if they belonged to the 20th century? Sister Fides, C.S.J., who teaches English at the College of St. Catherine, St. Paul Minn., gives us pros and cons and tell us what various Communities are doing to provide a new look. (Especially for nuns who drive cars.)

● Mrs. Thomas A. Dooley, mother of "Dr. Tom," gives the intimate background of her illustrious son's life: what made him take up medicine; why he turned his back on a lucrative, society practice for the poverty of Laos; the influence of his half brother, Earle, killed in Germany in the 2nd World War; his own last illness and tragic death at 34. *My Son, Tom Dooley* is condensed from *Redbook*. First of two installments.

● "It is not necessary to climb 30 miles into the sky and look down on the earth to realize the significance of God. It is not necessary to see all 185 million persons in the U. S. to understand the meaning of democracy. Both of these tremendous forces are around us all the time." That's the way Maj. Robert M. White, test pilot of the U. S. X-15 rocket plane, fastest airplane in the world, feels about his job. A profile of Major White by Douglas J. Ingells.

Our Parish Built on Pennies

Junk, broken glass, coupons, and a lot of effort have lifted an Oklahoma church from the status of a mission

By Velma Nieberding

A BILLBOARD on the Will Rogers turnpike out in northeastern Oklahoma has an eye-catching sign. "Slow Down, Pardner," draws a cowboy on a horse, "14,406 friendly people welcome you to Beautiful Miami."

Miami (Miami, Okla., that is) is a beautiful town, and nobody realizes that more than do the ladies of Sacred Heart church Altar society. In our own way we try to help keep it beautiful. Or perhaps I should say that part of its beauty is a by-product of our fund-raising activities.

When the new Sacred Heart church is dedicated sometime this year, the Altar society can say,

"There, by the grace of God and our ability to use junk, is the most beautiful church in Oklahoma. And *we* helped to build it."

Five years ago our organization was asked to furnish the sanctuary of our proposed new church. Then it was merely a longing wish of the 100 families that make up the parish. There was no building fund. Indeed, we are barely beyond the status of a mission parish.

But Father flung the challenge and the ladies accepted it. Let me say, rather, that we took the bit in our teeth and started out. And we haven't stopped since.

Women are not very practical, you know. They are likely to think with their hearts and let the men take care of the business



problems. But in our hearts we desperately wanted a new church. So we told Father we would furnish the sanctuary: estimated cost, \$4,000.

How can you furnish a sanctuary with pennies gleaned principally from junk? We began without any formal plan, but it finally evolved into this: "Almost every family wastes or throws away many things. Let's convert these discards into cash." We have gradually formed ourselves into efficient, free-wheeling junk gatherers, and the experience has been fun.

First, there is the matter of collecting coupons. You know the ones that appear regularly in newspaper and magazine advertisements. Instead of using them for soap or syrup or whatever, we turn them into cash. So it only amounts to \$9 or \$10 a month. In five years we have put more than \$5,000 into our savings account, where it has been drawing a quite healthy interest.

One of our women operates a new-and-used furniture store. She came up with a bright idea. If we would bring her our good used clothing, she would sell it and put the money into the building fund. Without a doubt we now have the cleanest closets in town, and our fund is by that means enriched by more than \$300 each year. Many of us look to this thrift shop to help supply growing youngsters with clothes.

Each year the Altar society president appoints her committee chairmen. These people have an awesome responsibility. No member of the society has had a vacation from a committee for the last five years. So you're having a baby or an operation and can't be active? You can do something! There's a committee ready to supply you with suggested projects.

Newcomers to the parish are courted from the instant they appear, and converts are seized with the dew of Baptism still damp on their brows. "What a friendly group!" one of them commented. "How did you know that I just love to help out on church projects?"

Our senior citizens in the Altar society work within a special club called "St. Ann's circle." All of them are well past the social-security age and have earned a place in the sun. They hold weekly *Kaffee Klatsches* and have a study program going on all the time. These seven or eight ladies, some in their 80's, have produced hand-made quilts, crocheted rugs, knitted afghans, and cute kitchen aprons for our annual bazaar.

One member of St. Ann's, an invalid, spends her time making dainty hand-crocheted sweaters and caps for babies. When a new baby is born in the parish (there were 20 infants baptized last year) she sends these layette items to the new mother. There

is no price tag on them, but the recipient knows the unwritten law: make a substantial donation to the Altar society building fund.

Then there is the glass. Never have kids had so much fun as ours, since we discovered a place that will pay \$9 a ton for clear glass, preferably broken up. Show me the kid who doesn't like to break glass! Ours organize whole safaris and go into vacant basements and hunt glass. Our pantry shelves are noticeably uncluttered without the odd-sized jelly, mustard, or pickle jars that we used to save on the chance that they might be useful.

Miami itself is remarkably free of surplus glass; it is being hauled off every week by teen-agers who volunteer. (If they didn't volunteer, the glass committee would draft them!)

Many of our ladies are superb cooks. What they do can hardly be classified as "junk," but certainly it is all to the good for the society. We hold bake sales, doughnut and coffee breaks, bean suppers, and cake walks. Then there are the big dinners we serve at which all of us (and I do mean all) have a part. Last year we served 1,000 guests at our annual Thanksgiving dinner. Since the ladies of our first Altar society, 60 years ago, raised money for their church by cooking, we are known for our culinary skill.

One member managed to sweet-

en the pot by recruiting her husband's bees. His hobby is to maintain a many-hived apiary. Now we serve honey for the hot rolls that grace our dinners and bottle it in glass baby-food jars for sale (the glass jars can later be channeled to the glass collection).

We have learned that we can sell old magazines, books, newspapers, and rags. At a monthly auction sale held near Miami we have sold used bicycles, old chairs minus bottoms, beat-up bedsteads, and cracked china. We have auctioned off law books (1920 vintage) and whole washtubs of odds and ends donated by kindly folks. From this junk, the pennies flow into the savings account and go right to work.

If this sounds as though we are a dull lot, with our noses in the pots and pans and dollar signs instead of stars in our eyes, be not misled. We work on hospital committees, join the League of Women Voters, and write to our congressmen. We take an active part in diocesan programs and contribute to the cultural life of our city. We support concerts, the historical society, and the Little Theater. Some of us are always involved in some civic project, like the youth-center and city-playground programs.

We may sound like Amazons, but we are not. In truth, we are often unreasonable women, thinking with our hearts, complaining to our husbands that our feet

hurt, and worrying over the kids' homework or how we will finish that First Communion dress.

Since we undertook the project of furnishing the sanctuary, our spiritual life has visibly improved. Somehow, more of us find time to go to daily Mass, and we make a big effort to turn out for special devotions and to support all parish programs. We seem to have

time for all these things and for our penny projects, too.

Just yesterday Father said wistfully, "At least 100 non-Catholics have asked when we are going to build a hospital."

And the church not yet dedicated! I hope manufacturers don't start packing jelly in plastic. The glass jars just have to hold out for a while longer.



IN OUR HOUSE

When our son came home after graduating from high school, he found an impressive package on his chest of drawers. He promptly brought it to our living room where we were waiting for him and asked who had left the package.

"Open it and see," his mother replied.

Opening the package carefully, he drew out two strips of gaily printed percale, neatly joined. He was baffled for a moment, then realized what it was. His mother's apron strings!

Ernest Blevins.

*

My sister's 18-month-old son was playing in the old rocker in her modern living room. She went to the basement to get something, and in the few minutes she was gone, his violent rocking tipped over the chair, and his momentum sent him crashing through the floor-to-ceiling picture window.

Fortunately, he wasn't even scratched. Nevertheless, his six-year-old brother Jimmy felt that the news must be broken gently. He rushed to the basement stairs and reported: "Mother! Danny's outside again without his coat on!"

Edmund Hasse.

*

When we bought our house in a new subdivision the contractor's agreement called for the delivery of a shade tree to be planted on our property.

One day in late fall the nurserymen brought our tree. Watching through the window, our three-year-old Tommy was fascinated as they planted it. As they were about to leave he called to me and asked, "Mommy, when are they going to bring the leaves?"

Alice Lifka.

[For similar true stories—amusing, touching, or inspiring—of incidents that occur In Our House, \$20 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts submitted for this department cannot be acknowledged or returned.]

PANIC Isn't for AMERICANS

We must have confidence in our fellow men and in "the Pow'r who has made and preserved us a nation"

By John LaFarge, S.J.

*Condensed from the
"Saturday Review"**

THE OTHER day the marquee of our neighborhood movie theater advertised a film called *I Married a Teen-ager from Outer Space*. I didn't get a chance to see it, but the title seems to me to raise a significant question about life in America today.

I wonder just how much scaring the public can take without developing some form of panic. The movie title, a minor cultural landmark in itself, seems to sym-

bolize a process to which we are all being subjected. Is there a saturation point beyond which our composure will begin to weaken?

Current news provides enough items to spark a general demoralization. It is easy enough to list some of them: the international arms race; quietly implacable communist China; the Cuban confusion and Latin American dictatorships; world poverty and economic despair; horrifying accidents on the highways and in the air; juvenile delinquency and other forms of relaxation of public morals; the alarms, genuine and fictitious, over the population question; racial and religious hatreds.

Every epoch could make out a respectable list of terrors. Today we are perplexed that the ease of communication which *ought* to bring reassurance through general enlightenment achieves precisely the contrary effect. It plants us daily in the midst of physically remote, horrifying events. We have developed a taste for dread itself.

Perhaps you shouldn't talk about panic, for its prophecy could be self-fulfilling. Yet a great many people, for a great variety of reasons, are interested in promoting panic, not in allaying it.

Any doubts I might have had on that matter were dissipated

* 25 W. 45th St., New York City 36. April 8, 1961. © 1961 by Saturday Review, Inc., and reprinted with permission.

when I received communications from irate white school patrons in New Orleans, along with transcripts of incredible mental gyrations at a TV hearing held in that city. The line was familiar: complete hysteria, panic in full swing, curiously similar to the excitement that prevailed in 17th-century Germany during the witchcraft craze, not to speak of later events in Germany.

These alarms one could understand, and in the case of the individual, forgive. What did upset me was the knowledge, based upon previous experience, that such a panicky state of mind is deliberately promoted by interested parties, and is being systematically circulated around the U.S. and Canada. Nor is the fear propaganda confined to the Negro-white situation. It fans the flames of religious and class hatred as well. Whether it is of the leftist or the rightist variety (to use a couple of moth-eaten labels) makes little difference. The coolly calculating eye or pocketbook is interested only in the emotional result.

Honest but shortsighted or prejudiced sources can also nourish panic flames. Panic's pessimism is an easy alternative to starry-eyed hope; yet a wise man will tread cautiously between the two extremes of overoptimism and despair.

Sheer panic over communism, for instance, can be disastrous.

Such an alarmist state of mind can paralyze genuine social reform; it provides a handy tool for demagogues. It likewise makes no sense blandly to equate our American shortcomings with the relentless tyranny of world communism, and thus blind ourselves to very real dangers. As Atty. Gen. Robert F. Kennedy has said, communism as a political party does not present any important influence in the U.S., but its unrelenting espionage is a standing threat to the nation.

To know what panic can lead to, we need only review some of the psychological aberrations (on both sides of the Mason-Dixon Line) that led to the outbreak of the Civil War. Today there are infinitely more grounds for hoping that we can forestall such a calamity than there were a century ago.

It is my belief that the panic danger can be met if we adopt a systematic, intelligent policy of public confidence: a confidence, that is, in the ultimate abilities of the very kinds of people who now cause us great anxiety.

I firmly do *not* believe that such confidence can be conjured up by its mere assertion. One can go around saying that the people of disorganized Africa are, after all, fine fellows, and are sure to solve all their own problems in the end. That may do some good, but it can lead to some bitter disillusionments, unless assertion

results in painstaking, positive action.

In the same way, in our domestic racial situation it can do little good, and may do positive harm, merely to express optimism about the new people who move to our more settled, prosperous neighborhoods. A large number of such people are a problem. A few show scant promise of developing into useful future citizens. Some of them have been expressly introduced by unscrupulous "J. Crow" real-estate brokers into a closed neighborhood to create alarm, forced sales, and flight.

Racial panic is not just a Deep South product. Dr. Nathaniel Hurst, distinguished Negro physician of Rochester, N.Y., reported to the Rochester *Courier-Journal* last Feb. 5, "Qualified, educated, hard-working colored people with highly skilled technical jobs offered them by top local industries, balked in their efforts to find a home in good neighborhoods, simply decided not to come to Rochester. Other Negroes, untrained, little educated, and quite content with a lower standard of living, moved in instead, frequently to become problems for themselves and their neighbors."

"Negroes do not necessarily wish to move into white neighborhoods," said Dr. Hurst. "All the Negro wants is a good home, a good school for his children, and a normal neighborhood of free air

and open spaces." Yet he had to search a long time before he could find his present home.

Confidence, an atmosphere of genuine hope, is something that needs to be built up, piece by piece, from the foundations to the complete edifice. This means long and patient labor: the bearing of many a humiliation, the hard sacrifice of leisure and privilege.

Such a positive policy means that when panic, local or international, shows its ugly head, it is met by a barrier of proved realities. It strikes a network of established communications between persons of good will, between competent professional and business connections and trade-union associations.

Neighborhood community councils and housing cooperatives are prosaic operations. They do not make the headlines, as do the disturbing ghetto-spawned demonstrations by various black-nationalist organizations in our large cities. Yet in their humble way these local projects are working toward the elimination of the spirit of racial panic, which is both the effect and the cause of the racial ghetto.

The structure of confidence is only one aspect of an effective antipanic policy. All the friendly intercourse in the world can reach only a minimum of effectiveness unless it is sustained by a deep conviction about the natural

worth, unity, and destiny of the human race itself.

In this country we are fairly allergic to "the metaphysical." Unhappy experiences with unsuccessful idealists in the past have made us prone to cling to the immediate, the tangible.

Yet during the interview in Topeka, Kans., last March 4, of the two RB-47 fliers, Captains Freeman Olmstead and John R. McKone, Captain Olmstead said that during his terrifying imprisonment his thought centered most of the time on his family and home, and on the American people. Captain McKone said "hope and faith were the biggest things—our faith in God and our faith in our country and our families. They were the things that helped us the most."

As I stated in *America* not long ago, I doubt if the very people, at home or abroad, we are getting so panicky about, are as ready as we are to evade such a capital point. With the "colonialist" bogey still in mind, they are embarrassingly insistent on asking not just *what* we are doing for them, but also *why* we are doing it.

When the missionaries, for instance, were seen as mere government agents, they were rejected. When the tangible and earthly benefits of their skillful administration were seen as coming directly from their faith in the one God of all times and all nations,

they came to be regarded with respect. The French Benedictine Fathers of Tioumliline, in Morocco (who are not missionaries but contemplative monks living a holy life in the Muslim Maghreb) are respected by the Muslims, not just for their learning or charity, but mainly because they live to honor the common God of all.

The way to avoid panic is to learn from humble and decent people who have resisted its fascination, even under great provocation. Such are the Negro people in the South. Such are an ever-increasing number of patient Southern white people who in turn give heart to the timid folk of both races. Such are the men and women, young and old, who are building up a network of communication and hope between the U.S. and the new Africa.

Why didn't Charlayne Hunter and her Negro fellow student, Hamilton Holmes, give way to panic when they quietly took their places on the campus of the University of Georgia last Jan. 10? During her visit to New York on March 2, Miss Hunter told me very simply of her innate confidence in the fairness and decency of the university's white students, as well as the justice of her desire for a higher education, and her belief in the protection of the good Lord.

The patriots who refused to be panicked in 1776 and in 1812 kept their powder dry, but they also

"praised the Pow'r who has made and preserved us a nation." We might follow something of the same today. The powder contains many complicated ingredients, but we still need the help of the Power above. Peoples near and

far who stand low on the ladder of modern wealth and technical progress are much less likely to listen to the Yankee hater and the fearmonger if they discover that we Americans have not forgotten God.



HEARTS ARE TRUMPS

It was early morning and I was helping my five children get ready for school. Alan, seven, the youngest, watched me warily with his big eyes.

"Mother," he said finally, "would you be able to take care of two more children?"

"Well, sure, I suppose so, if God sends them to us," I replied.

I thought he was thinking of more babies, but that afternoon he brought two boys to the house after school. "This is Tom and this is Joe," he said. Later, he got me aside and explained, "Sister Ann wants us to save our pennies so we can buy a pagan baby. But I don't want a pagan baby. I want some playmates, like Tom and Joe. They have no mother or father, either, just like the Chinese baby Sister was telling us about."

"But we can't take them over like that," I explained. "They may have no mother or father, but surely they have relatives who want them!" But I agreed that they could stay to dinner.

They began coming to the house quite often, and gradually my husband and I learned something about them. Their parents had died about three years previously, and they were being reared by a bachelor uncle. He had very little money and almost no understanding of children. Tom and Joe were obviously undernourished and showed the lack of parental affection. It wasn't long before we were often inviting them to stay the night.

Months went by and then came the question I had been anticipating: "Why can't Tom and Joe stay here always?" The uncle was only too happy that they would be finding a good home, and though we had seven of our own by now, a couple of more plates around the family table would not matter too much. We made arrangements to adopt them legally.

Our reward? It has been a continuing one, in the day-to-day affection of these two warmhearted boys. And recently it was capped with special joy and blessings when Tom announced his intention of becoming a Franciscan priest.

Mrs. Marian Philburn.

THE OPEN DOOR

FATHER DAN told me about the day he answered his doorbell to find a tall gangling fellow asking if he might come in. "Sure," said Father Dan. "Come right in."

"You know, Father," said the visitor, "I am a good friend of the custodian here. Well, last week he phoned me saying that he had promised to drive a bunch of girls up to Maryknoll, N.Y., but now he was sick, and would I mind taking over?"

"Not at all," I told him. "I'd be glad to take his station wagon and meet the girls. I'd be more than happy to help a friend out by driving his girl friends upstate."

"Well, Father, I am a non-Catholic. My heart really sank when I arrived at the appointed place and found six nuns waiting on the corner. I'd have called it off if I could, but I'd promised my friend."

"I explained the situation, and the nuns climbed in. I looked forward to a dismal day with that carload of women in black. Well, Father, never was I so mistaken; never in my life did I have a better time or laugh as hard or as long. They were the happiest and most contented people I ever met; and, Father, I hope you will instruct me in your religion so I can enjoy part of that happiness."

Father did, and thus a new and happy convert was made.

J. Dawson Magill.

MY MOTHER wasn't on speaking terms with dad. For two long weeks she ignored him. He had decided to become a Catholic.

"Dad" was my stepfather, really. About five years after my real father was killed in the 2nd World War, my mother remarried. Then she, my stepfather, my sister, and I moved to another city where my new father was attending college. My mother and sister and I had attended a non-Catholic church in our home town, so we sought out a similar one in our new neighborhood.

But dad wasn't happy. He had never belonged to any church, but found no satisfaction in ours. He began making inquiries of a Jesuit priest at the Catholic college he was attending; at length he decided that Catholicism was the religion for him. He told mother so.

This was when she went into her bitter freeze. She had been reared in an anti-Catholic atmosphere; now she was disappointed, hurt—down-right disgusted. At last her pouting ceased when she came to realize that if she had loved and respected dad enough to marry him, she should also see that he must have had a good reason for his decision.

He did become a Catholic. In time, I had a half brother and a half sister, and both were baptized Catholics. Within a few years my mother received the gift of faith herself—dad was very patient. After a few years, I did likewise. We are still praying for my sister, now married and expecting her first baby—which will be born in a Catholic hospital.

Jo Ann Lorenze.

(For statements of true incidents by which persons were brought into the Church \$50 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts cannot be acknowledged or returned.)

Women Want to Know Everything



Luckily, I had all the facts on Bill

By Parke Cummings

*Condensed from the "Rotarian"**

A WOMAN's curiosity is too darned hard to satisfy, no matter how desperately her husband strives to fill her in on what she wants to know. The other night was a perfect case in point.

I play in a weekly stag bridge game with Joe, Sam, and Hank in which we rotate among homes. The night in question it was my turn to entertain, but Joe couldn't play. He procured a substitute, a man I hadn't met before.

When he came in the door, Virginia, my wife, caught a brief

glimpse of him before we turned out of the front hall and headed for the bridge table in my downstairs study.

We had a brisk game winding up at 12:42 A.M. The next morning Virginia asked me about our new guest.

"What's his name?" she inquired.

"Bill," I told her.

"Bill who?"

"I don't think I got his last name," I confessed. "When I kept score, I just marked him down as Bill. He ended up \$1.35 to the good, I recall."

"What's he like?" she pursued.

"Well," I said, "he's a little in-

* 1600 Ridge Ave., Evanston, Ill. June, 1961, © 1961 by Rotary International, and reprinted with permission.

clined to overbid, but he's a very shrewd defensive player. One time he set me on what seemed a sure contract by trumping his partner's ace. Ordinarily this would be a bonehead play, but he did it deliberately. It enabled him to lead back a club and trap my king in dummy. Another time—"

"No, no," she broke in, "I mean what sort of a person is he? Is he the intellectual type, the hard-boiled type, or—"

"I'd say a combination of both. He certainly showed a high degree of intelligence the way he played that redoubled slam in hearts. He did it by putting a squeeze on Hank. On the other hand, he's plenty hard-boiled. A couple of hands later I accidentally reneged, and he insisted on exacting a two-trick penalty. Of course, he had every right to because the rule specifically says—"

"What does he do?" she said.

I scratched my head. "Search me," I said.

"You were with him for over four hours and you haven't the faintest idea whether he's a banker or a beekeeper or—"

"Wait a minute," I broke in. "That last gives me a clue. He wouldn't be likely to be a beekeeper—he works in the city."

"How did you glean that bit of information?" she asked sweetly.

"Because I now recall that he commutes on the 8:11, and plays bridge in the smoking car. Yes—

terday he had the most fantastic hand. Eight spades to the ace, king, queen, ten, nine, *no* clubs, *no* diamonds, and five hearts to the king, queen, jack, ten. So he bids—"

"Is he married?" she inquired.

"Yep," I answered. "I remember his remarking that his wife simply cannot play no-trump hands. Insists on playing all her high cards first, thereby setting up tricks for the opponents."

"Wonderful!" Virginia acknowledged. "I feel as though I'd known her all my life. Children?"

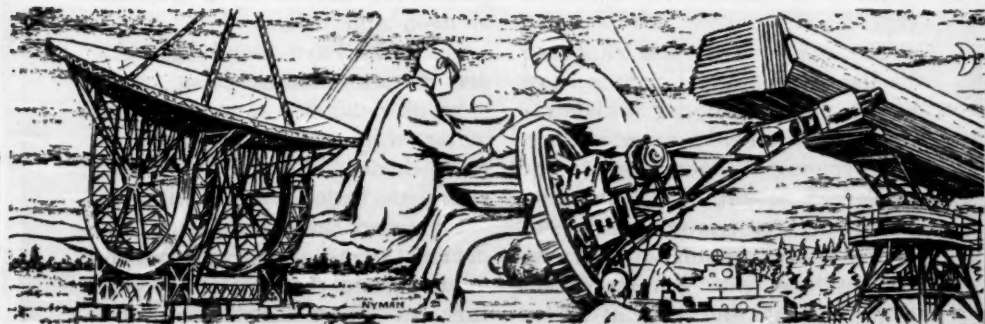
"Children," I mused, "children. Let's see now. Yes, they must have. He was complaining that one of his kids got hold of a brand-new deck of cards and messed them all up with crayons."

"How does he stand politically?" Virginia demanded.

"Pretty hard to say," I told her. "He seems to consider Eisenhower a first-rate bridge player, but he put in a good word for a couple of Democratic senators. I can't recall who they were, off-hand; they use the Goren two-bid with—"

"Go no further," interrupted my better half. "I feel I know everything about him that there is to know. It's simply uncanny what a keen interest you take in people as people. You meet a total stranger and within a few hours you discover every last detail about him."

"Thanks," I said modestly.



The Amazing Maser

A new electronic device promises
knifeless surgery and more effective radar

By Thomas O'Toole

*Condensed from the
"Wall Street Journal"*

PHYSICISTS AT the Bell Telephone laboratories in Murray Hill, N. J., work with a beam of light so intense it heats a piece of carbon into vapor in about one-millionth of a second. Carbon vaporizes at 7,500°.

Across the continent, in Culver City, Calif., researchers at Hughes Aircraft Corp. test a small experimental radar that enables them to study details of an object the size of a kitchen table from seven miles away.

At work in both of these experiments is a device known as the maser. The maser, first tested in a Columbia university laboratory seven years ago, picks up waves of energy (light or radio waves), greatly increases their strength, and sends them on their way in powerful, highly compressed beams.

"The maser has stirred up more interest among scientists than the development of transistors and diodes did in 1951," declares Dr. G. C. Dacey, director of solid-state electronics research for Bell Labs. Semiconductors, including transistors and diodes, now constitute a major industry, with sales

* 44 Broad St., New York City 4. March 9, 1961. ©1961 by Dow Jones & Co., Inc., and reprinted with permission.

running at about \$1.5 billion a year.

The maser is so new that not all its eventual applications have begun to be explored in laboratories, but already scientists see it bringing about significant strides in communications. One possibility: a transatlantic telephone cable capable of carrying 100 million calls simultaneously over the same line. Present cables can handle no more than 100 calls at once.

The maser promises to provide surgeons with a way of operating without using a knife. It should enable space cartographers more accurately to map the face of the moon.

"The maser's effect on man's life can't even be calculated yet," Dr. Dacey says.

At a meeting last spring in Pittsburgh of the Optical Society of America, a division of the American Institute of Physics, the maser was by far the most discussed topic among the 700 scientists attending. Of 94 scientific papers presented at the meeting, 21 were devoted to masers.

Scientists and industrialists are excited by masers for two reasons. First, masers promise to increase greatly the usefulness of light and radio waves. Secondly, the maser is a relatively simple device. One type is little more than a ruby held in a piece of metal. Another type is a long

glass tube containing a mixture of neon and helium.

Scientists have found that under certain circumstances, weak light or radio waves fed into the maser will emerge amplified or strengthened hundreds of times, and with little or no static.

How does the maser work? The device stems from discoveries made around the turn of the century by Albert Einstein and the German physicist Max Planck. These scientists found that atoms contain varying amounts of energy; that is, some atoms have relatively high energy levels and some have relatively low energy levels.

The scientists also noticed that the energy status of some atoms can be altered by certain outside signals. A low-energy atom might absorb the outside signal and become a high-energy atom; a high energy atom might have some of its energy knocked off and become a low-energy atom.

Working with these concepts, Dr. Charles Townes, a Columbia university physicist who had been asked by the navy to find a way to extend the range of microwave (high-frequency radio) signals, got the idea for the maser. Dr. Townes reasoned that if materials could be found that contained atoms vibrating at certain frequencies, and if these atoms could be hit by microwaves of the same frequencies, then the energy given off by the atoms when hit would

significantly reinforce the microwaves.

Dr. Townes tried an experiment. He fired microwave signals into ammonia gas, which was known to be rich in high-energy atoms. The test worked. The microwaves that emerged from the ammonia gas had been greatly strengthened.

Since then, Dr. Townes and other scientists, notably Dr. Arthur Schawlow, now of Bell Labs, have worked to perfect this technique. It was Dr. Townes who gave the maser its name; it stands for "microwave amplification by stimulated emission of radiation."

Some masers have been in practical use on a limited scale for quite a while now. At the Naval Research laboratory in Washington, D.C., a maser was attached to a 50-foot radio telescope more than two years ago. Mounted immediately behind the antenna, at the center of the telescope's parabolic reflector, the maser amplifies radio signals being received from distant stars.

"With a rather crude maser," says one scientist, "we have been able to pick up radio signals from stars three times as far from earth as those from which we could receive signals with other amplifying devices."

Using a maser, scientists at the Naval Research laboratory also were able to measure waves of energy given off by the planet Jupiter. This enabled them to

make the first accurate calculations of the temperature of the planet. Their finding: Jupiter's surface temperature is -150° .

Possibly the most dramatic use of masers to date in amplifying radio signals was in connection with Echo I, the balloon satellite launched in 1960. Scientists at a Bell Labs facility at Holmdel, N.J., using a maser to amplify signals bounced off Echo, say they have been able to pick up signals which have a power of less than 100 billionth of a watt. The maser amplifies these radio waves sufficiently so that the signals can be put on tape by ordinary recorders.

"Without masers, Project Echo would have been a flop," a scientist declares.

Maser radars hold promise for defense, space exploration, and aviation safety, many scientists think.

One scientist estimates that a conventional radar system using microwaves would require an antenna 60 feet in diameter to achieve the same capability as a maser radar with an antenna four inches in diameter. Such a saving in space and weight requirements, with no sacrifice in radar performance, could be highly important in aviation. Big radar sets now add significantly to the weight and bulk of many airplanes.

An early application of a maser radar system undoubtedly will be

in mapping the moon, according to Dr. Schawlow. Radio or light beams, greatly amplified by masers, would be bounced off the moon and picked up and amplified again by receiving equipment on the earth. This method would provide a sharper definition of the moon's surface than now is possible, enabling scientists to calculate the heights of peaks and depths of craters.

In defense work, maser radars could be put to work in conjunction with conventional radar in networks designed to warn of planes and missiles approaching the U.S. If a conventional radar sweeping the sky spotted an unknown object, the maser radar could be beamed at the object in such a way as to pick up much greater detail.

In addition to amplifying radio and light waves, masers are capable of producing signals that are one million or more times as sharp as ordinary signals. For instance, scientists say that a light beam produced by a maser could be made so intense it could be focused through a hole 50 millionths of an inch in diameter.

Using this ability to create heat (light) in tiny spots, the Technical Research Group in experiments with rabbits has burned tumors off the retinas behind the animal's eyeballs. The scientists use a maser to create a powerful light beam they turn into a rabbit's eye. The lens of the

eye itself is then used to further compress the light.

The light is not strong enough to damage the eye until it has passed through the eye's lens. Then the beam hits such a small spot on the retina and lasts for such a short time (one-thousandth of a second) that it can be put to constructive use. The same procedure could be used to "spot weld" a detached retina or could be used by surgeons to cauterize wounds in only a fraction of a second.

This would reduce scar tissue, surgeons say. Technical Research group is so enthusiastic about the medical possibilities of masers that it hopes to market the devices soon. The probable price: about \$10,000 each.

Some scientists think maser light beams could be aimed at wayward satellites to push them gently back on course; in the same way, a satellite's orbit could be changed. The heat from the light beam wouldn't be enough to damage the satellites, because the beam would be weakened by its trip through space.

The greatest impact of masers on everyday life probably will come in the field of communications, authorities say.

Two properties of masers make them well suited for this purpose. First, masers operate in the very highest known frequencies of the electromagnetic spectrum. This means that energy waves emitted

by masers move faster than other signals. This speed in itself could increase the message carrying capacity of a communications system.

Furthermore, a maser beam stays faithfully on a single frequency, whereas radio or microwave beams cover bands of frequencies. This characteristic of masers makes room for more frequencies, and thus more messages. It also means a lack of interference.

Another possibility is that masers will permit communications between submerged submarines for the first time. Microwaves or ordinary radio waves can't be used for this purpose because they are absorbed by water as soon as they leave a vessel. Light waves are absorbed by water, too, but not as readily. Scientists have found that by using light of certain wave lengths they can transmit maser signals under water for several miles.

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ANSWERS TO 'NEW WORDS FOR YOU' (Page 84)

- | | |
|-------------------------------|---|
| 1. epigram (ep-a-gram) | h) Witty thought tersely expressed; "to write upon." |
| 2. epidemic (ep-a-dem-ic) | g) Disease affecting large numbers of people at the same time; "upon the people." |
| 3. epilogue (ep-a-log) | i) Words of closing added to a novel, poem, or play; "to say upon." |
| 4. epicenter (ep-a-sen-ter) | d) Earth's surface directly above the focus of an earthquake; hence, any focal point. |
| 5. epithet (ep-a-thet) | l) A descriptive term; an complimentary name "put upon" someone. |
| 6. epoch (ep-ock) | a) A memorable period of time; "to hold upon." |
| 7. epidermoid (ep-a-der-moid) | k) Of the nature of or resembling the outer layer of skin. |
| 8. ephemeral (e-fem-er-al) | c) Beginning and ending in a day; "upon a day"; short-lived. |
| 9. epitomize (e-pit-o-miz) | b) To abridge; summarize; "to cut upon." |
| 10. epitaph (ep-a-taf) | e) An inscription upon a headstone or memorial. |
| 11. episode (ep-a-sode) | j) Set of events that stand out or over others. |
| 12. epistle (e-pis-'l) | f) A written communication, especially one formal or instructive; "to send over." |

All correct: superior; 10 correct: good; 8 correct: fair.

Must Automation

Destroy Labor?

It's eliminating all the simpler jobs;
the unskilled have no place to work

By J. V. McKenna

Condensed from "America" *

WILLIE JONES, age 51, is an auto worker. He has a wife and four children and has been out of work almost continually for 20 months.

The Joneses have collected all the unemployment insurance they are entitled to and spent all their savings. Willie has learned that he may never find a new job in his old trade. Machines have been taking over. In the offing are automatic plants in which men will not be needed.

Willie doesn't insist upon being an auto worker any more. Any job will do. But companies shy away from men past 50. They say their pensions cost too much. He has been told he ought to learn a trade, electronics or some-



thing, but that takes youth, education, and self-confidence — things Willie no longer has.

Among the unemployed, Willie is far from average. Jobs like their old ones still exist for most of the others. But a machine has stolen Willie's job.

The shops where his kind of work is still being done manually are already at a disadvantage. They will have to adjust to the new machines or quit the business. Willie cannot expect to have his old job back, or another like it. Without new skills, he is unemployable.

Willie is not alone. Between 1948 and 1958, manufacturing production increased 35% while the labor force decreased 800,000.

* 329 W. 108th St., New York City 25. Feb. 18, 1961. © 1961 by the America Press, and reprinted with permission.

In coal mining, where new machines have continually increased productivity, the labor force has been cut two thirds. The steel and auto unions have lost about a quarter of a million members each in the last few years. These are the first results of automation. More serious effects are to come.

Perfection of the fully automatic machine tool, in less than ten years, shows how fast science has been moving. In 1952, a machine originally designed for manual control was made to perform complex metal-cutting operations guided by an electronic computer. Set-up costs, at first high, have been reduced by the development of computers with larger and better memory circuits.

The modern automatic machine tool, designed from the start for machine control, is versatile, tireless, unerring, and economical.

While machine tools were becoming more and more self-controlled, powerful forces were driving mass production relentlessly toward complete automation. The Cleveland engine plant of the Ford Motor Co., an engineering wonder in 1950, was quickly surpassed by the more automatic plants built by Plymouth, Oldsmobile, and Ford itself.

The automatic transfer of work from one operation to another, the first step, was quickly followed by automatic assembly,

testing, and machine control. In less than ten years, the Cleveland Ford plant had to be extensively modified. Industrial technology is advancing at top speed on all fronts, and serious unemployment is certain to result unless something is done to prevent it.

Automation is the control of machines by other machines. In a technical sense it is nothing new. But its effect on jobs is a complete reversal of the last 200 years.

Automation is desirable only where it saves more than it costs. It is most profitable on simple jobs where many parts can be machined rapidly. These are the jobs of the semiskilled machine operators in the mass-production industries.

Since the Industrial Revolution, each improvement created more jobs and decreased the range of skills needed to fill them.

In the past, each new step forward provided an easy out for the men whose skills had been replaced; they could always find work at a lower level. But with automation there are no jobs simpler than the ones that have been automated.

Manpower shortages are rapidly developing in four general areas. Many more workers are needed in science and engineering, in the manufacture of capital goods, in the service industries, and in new jobs in the old trades.

These shortages will become more acute as our new technology advances.

The new jobs in science and engineering have been created by a technological revolution which began during the 2nd World War. That revolution started with radar warning the British of approaching enemy planes. It has grown up to become television, the electronic computer, and automation. Eventually, it may make every large-scale operation completely automatic. Shortages of trained manpower have already become serious. The want-ads proclaim the need every day.

The shortages in the service industries—medicine, teaching, government, sales, repair, and entertainment—are a constant and growing source of irritation. Thus far, there is unsatisfactory service more often than no service at all. The service industries are certain to become a major source of new jobs in the 1960's.

The capital-goods industries are less predictable. As the new system takes over, computers, automatic machine tools, and control systems will be needed. Their manufacture would provide jobs for some classes of semiskilled workers. But the manufacturers of such equipment are likely to automate their own operations. Thus, jobs for the semiskilled may never develop.

Some of the old trades have al-

ready begun to provide new jobs. Plumbers, for example, have gone to work on such complex products as atomic submarines and modern oil refineries.

Pipe fitting has passed from skill to science. Modern industrial plumbers need knowledge and skills quite different from those used only a few years ago.

The new jobs differ from the old, both in functions and abilities of workers. New opportunities can be created for them only by replacing their old skills with new ones for which there is a demand. The crisis is one of education, not employment.

The arguments about unemployment are misleading and often selfish. It is time for all of us to accept the fact that the new technology both creates and eliminates jobs. The new jobs are different from the old, and we cannot count on their being created as fast as the old ones disappear.

The important problems still to be solved relate to the training process. Can men be prepared for the new jobs fast enough and in sufficient numbers? Can they be retrained when they are middle-aged or older?

The U.S. Air Force School Retraining program provides some tentative answers.

After the 2nd World War, technology advanced everywhere at an ever increasing pace, but nowhere did it move quite as fast

as in defense systems. The big change for the U.S. Air Force began in the early 1950's. Three important new concepts, electronic air defense, electronic interceptor guidance, and the missile deterrents were developed.

During this decade much has been accomplished in all three areas. The semiautomatic air-defense system has eliminated thousands of jobs. Electronic fighter guidance is a reality. So are a number of missile systems.

All of these changes reduced the manpower required in non-technical and support areas. At the same time, the demand for men in technical areas greatly increased. To relieve the situation, the Air Force developed a system of retraining.

Manpower surpluses and shortages within the Air Force system were spotted. Transfers from surplus to shortage areas were encouraged by 1. allowing no promotions in the surplus areas and only selective re-enlistment; 2. providing retraining; and 3. establishing positive incentives such as opportunity for advancement and higher pay.

The Air Force considers its training scheme a clear success. Air defense needs qualified and experienced men at all levels. The School Retraining program has produced more than 25,000 of them. Clearly, retraining can be scaled to the size of the task.

Other indications are encouraging. Contrary to expectations, retrainees had less difficulty than new airmen in learning new jobs. Many were allowed to graduate ahead of their newly recruited classmates.

The airman trained in an obsolete skill is informed when his job is frozen. He is told about the jobs where his present skills will make retraining faster and easier. He is moved and trained without personal expense and is rewarded for making the change. The civilian worker caught in similar circumstances deserves the same kind of help.

The Air Force is a controlled economy able to provide the mobility, training, and incentives needed to make its plan work.

The civilian economy now must achieve the same results, but in a manner suited to a free economy. The same functions must be performed. The tax structure should be modified to encourage new products and new jobs. Some central agency is required to inform the worker of new opportunities. All the facilities for training will have to be provided. Finally, the worker will need financial assistance while he re-trains.

The responsibility for central intelligence on the economic front and for modifying the tax structure belongs to government. The

responsibilities for educational facilities and finance ought to be shared by industry, labor, and government.

The plumbers and pipe fitters have shown what a union can accomplish with a little help from government and business. The plumbers maintain a separate department concerned only with job training. The union supplies the organization, most of the instructors, and some of the physical facilities. It considers the direct cost to the union (\$250,000 a year) a good investment.

This union program is publicly supported through the use of public-school classrooms and laboratories. Business supports it through the donation of visual aids, special instructors, and ex-

pendable equipment. The retrainees, who use it to enlarge their job opportunities, support themselves on their own jobs while they learn. Thousands of plumbers and pipe fitters have benefitted from the program; and the union has been able to maintain its membership while all around it others were losing theirs.

Retraining is the magic that can change the fruits of automation from unemployment to opportunity. Leadership, planning, cooperation, and the resolution to get on with the job are all that are needed. The thousands of unemployed in Detroit—and the millions throughout the country—cry out for action by employers, unions, and the public.

In Our Parish

In our parish I was driving our neighborhood children home from school; they were all lustily singing a Latin hymn they had learned that day. Once I broke in, trying to correct a mispronunciation, but my daughter stopped me. "Oh, mother," she said, "Latin has changed since you went to school."

Mrs. William P. Fish.

In our parish the 1st-grade children were asked who they blessed when they said their evening prayers. Anne Marie, who loves bright colors, said that after she said, "God bless mommy. God bless daddy," she always added, "God bless red and green."

Mary E. Kramer.

In our parish after the ground-breaking ceremony for a new church, one little girl reported, "We dug for a new church, but we didn't find it."

Frances Schafer.

[You are invited to submit similar stories of parish life, for which \$20 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts submitted to this department cannot be acknowledged or returned.—Ed.]

Tailor to His Holiness

For Bonaventura Gammarelli,
the ecclesiastical world is
small, medium, and large

By A. R. McElwain



ANGELO GIUSEPPE Roncalli made his first public appearance as Pope John XXIII, 262nd Supreme Pontiff of the Church, uncomfortably clad in a white cassock several sizes too small for his ample frame.

Soon after his election on Oct. 28, 1958, he stepped out onto the balcony high above the entrance to St. Peter's basilica to greet the wildly demonstrative multitude in the square below. To them he appeared a small, remote figure in white. A closer view would have revealed him in a garment with sleeves barely reaching below elbow level and stretching ominously near bursting point elsewhere.

While the new Pope was acknowledging the demonstration, a flustered Vatican official was re-

proachfully phoning unflustered Bonaventura Gammarelli, the papal tailor. Gammarelli could afford to be calm. His conscience was clear.

After Pope Pius XII's death, on Oct. 9, 1958, tradition demanded that three white cassocks, one for a large man, one medium, one small, should be sent into the conclave when the cardinals from all over the world assembled to elect a new Pontiff. Gammarelli had made the three cassocks. What is more, acting on a hunch about Cardinal Roncalli's prospects, he had made the large cassock exactly to his measurements, which he had on hand because the cardinal had been his client for years.

In the excitement of trying to avoid delay in presenting the new

Pope to the impatient crowds in St. Peter's Square, Pope John's attendants had tried first the small, then the medium cassock on him, and finding that he could at least get into the medium one, had let it go at that. The third cassock was somehow overlooked, but when Pope John finally came off the balcony it was waiting for him.

The tradition of the three cassocks has always posed problems, Gammarelli says. "Normally," he explains, "you have to use your intuition; you think of the three cardinals most likely to become Pope and make the garments accordingly. It doesn't always work. Pope Benedict xv was so painfully thin that even the cassock nearest his size just floated about him."

Bonaventura Gammarelli, 61, belongs to a family that has been making clothes for clerics (small, medium, and large) for nearly two centuries, spanning the reigns of 12 Popes. His great-great-grandfather, Giovanni Battista, started as an ecclesiastical tailor in 1780. In 1813, Pope Pius vii officially appointed him papal tailor. Bonaventura treasures the yellowing document that registers the honor.

The name on the document, however, is Gambarelli. "That was our real family name," Bonaventura explains. "But in the old days, for some reason, everyone called us Gammarelli, so to make

it easier all round, we changed to that.

"Now people are starting to call us Gambarelli again. That's the way it goes," he adds, with a philosophic shrug.

The Gammarelli establishment is one of the most modest in a district in old Rome packed with shops, some extremely imposing, which specialize in ecclesiastical articles, from religious statues and vestments to clerical collars and cloaks.

Gammarelli's tiny shop is tucked away in a corner of an ancient square dominated by Santa Maria sopra Minerva, the Dominicans' head church in Rome, which contains the body of St. Catherine of Siena. Hard by is the Pantheon, first built in 27 B.C.

If Gammarelli's shop frontage is unimposing, his prestige is world wide. He has customers almost everywhere Catholic clergy are to be found. He is a modest man, but he is happy to show you a leather-bound book containing the commendations and signatures of hundreds of his illustrious patrons. It reads like an international clerical directory.

He is particularly proud of his large and loyal following in America. It includes Cardinals Spellman of New York, Cushing of Boston, and Meyer of Chicago; Archbishop William O. Brady of St. Paul, and Bishops John Wright of Pittsburgh and Fulton J. Sheen.

One of the tributes Gammarelli likes best was written in 1959. It reads, "We Texans like to deal with people who know their business. It is always a pleasure." It is signed by Bishop Mariano S. Garriga of Corpus Christi, whose signature is supported by that of Bishop Andrew G. Grutka of Gary, Ind.

At the last consistory in Rome, four new cardinals received their red hats from Pope John. They were Cardinals Joseph E. Ritter of St. Louis; Jose Humberto Quintero of Caracas, Venezuela; Concho Cordoba of Bogota, Colombia; and Giuseppe Ferretto of Rome. Their entire princely outfittings had come from Gammarelli. Their signatures appear together in his book.

Gammarelli likes to think that he had his humble part in an event without precedent in the history of Christianity. Laurian Cardinal Rugambwa of Tanganyika, first Negro cardinal, came to him for his robes.

Cardinals Clemente Micara, Vicar General of Rome; Eugenio Tisserant, Dean of the Sacred College; Giovanni Battisti Montini of Milan; Paul Emile Leger of Montreal; Joseph Frings of Cologne; and William Godfrey of Westminster, London, have all commended Gammarelli.

A cardinal's complete outfit costs \$2,000; a simple cassock, \$40. Nothing delights Gammarelli more than following a priest's

step-by-step rise to distinction by the garments he has made for him: first a black cassock, then a monsignor's robes, later a bishop's, then a cardinal's—and then (who knows?) a Pope's. After all, Gammarelli can point to an illustrious precedent in Pope John.

"The Holy Father started with us as a young priest," he says. "We even made for him when he was Sergeant Roncalli of the Italian army! Then we followed his career until he became Cardinal Roncalli, Patriarch of Venice. And now, today, he still honors us."

The Pope, Gammarelli adds, is easy to please. Nuns from his native Bergamo, who run his household, keep an eye on his wardrobe. When anything is needed, they phone Gammarelli.

No fittings are required; Gammarelli has paper patterns of the Pope's measurements, as he has of other important clients. Like other dignitaries, Pope John wears out cassocks, the priest's "working clothes," and shoes more quickly than anything else.

Gammarelli has a cutter and five seamstresses. They work in a couple of small rooms above his shop. Business is never more hectic for them than when the creation of new cardinals is announced. Pope John set things crackling when, within 19 days of his election, he announced the names of 23 new princes of the Church (they included Cardinals Cushing

of Boston and John F. O'Hara of Philadelphia).

Gammarelli dropped all other work. "To be ready for the ceremonies the following month, we made the various garments in the order in which they would be needed for the successive events, starting in the Vatican and ending with the conferring of the red hats in St. Peter's. We had everything ready on time."

Gammarelli's little shop is a fascinating pattern of brilliant colors. His assistants dextrously unroll and measure bales of prelatorial purples and reds in a setting made even more striking by beautiful vestments for all liturgical seasons.

He is a quiet, shy man, obviously proud of his craftsmanship and his notable clientele, but it is difficult to get him to talk about them. He has, however, no objection to his sons "standing in" for him at interviews. He has three sons. Two of them, Francesco and Annibale, are in the business, making sure that the Gammarelli tradition will be carried on for a long time.

His sister Maria helps, too. She

painted in water colors the Bible of his business: a pattern book meticulously detailing every garment he is ever likely to be called upon to produce.

Gammarelli used to import many of his finest materials from France. Now he deals with firms in Northern Italy, whose traditions are even older than his own. Communities of nuns supply him with magnificent laces. Some of the hand-woven gold and silver brocades he uses in vestments cost \$75 a yard.

Gammarelli lost a lot of business when the Iron Curtain slammed down on such Catholic countries as Poland and Hungary. He talks sadly of the good friends he has there.

His famous clients' book opens with a signed photograph of Pope John in his (well-fitting) white cassock and skullcap, and a message, in Latin, in the Pope's own handwriting: "Each priest must wear the clothes that befit him." Knowing Pope John's ready sense of humor, I like to think he penned that with a chuckle, recalling the clothes that didn't exactly befit him one memorable day.

THE MAN WHO

I stood near a customer in the sporting-goods department who was evidently about to make his first hunting trip. He kept looking at a compass that had a mirror on the back of it, and puzzling over it.

"What's that mirror for?" he finally asked the man behind the counter.

"Why," replied the clerk, "you just look in there and it'll tell you who's lost."

Mrs. Deane Binder.

*How to engage in cislunar small
talk at the gravipause*

Words of the Spacemen

By Bergen Evans

*Condensed from the
"New York Times Magazine"**

IN OUTSOARING the shadow of our night, the Air Force, with its space program, has outsoared the former limits of our language. Men who plan to go into space as confidently as the rest of us plan to go home to supper are not to be bound by dictionaries.

They haven't hesitated to coin whatever words they needed, and they have needed thousands. That is attested by the *Aerospace Glossary*, published by the Research Studies institute of the Air university under the editorship of Dr. Woodford Heflin.

Some of these words surprise the layman by the astonishing things they say, things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme. Others surprise by their ingenuity of adaptation; still others by their prosy matter-of-factness.



Here are some of the words of our newest language.

Aeropause: an upper region in which the atmosphere ceases to function as a factor in flight.

Agravic: weightless.

Anacoustic zone: a happy space, 75 miles up, where the air is too thin to transmit sound.

Astrogate: to direct the movement of a space craft from within the craft.

* 229 W. 43rd St., New York City 36. April 9, 1961. © 1961 by the New York Times Co., and reprinted with permission.

Cislunar: the space between the earth and the moon. All "beneath the visiting moon," a pre-Sputnik poet put it.

Destruct: a verb designating the deliberate destruction of a rocket or space vehicle after it has been launched. This is a word needed in the most serious emergencies and in split-second urgency. It had to be clear and unequivocal. It also had to be a word not in common use lest its common meaning lead to some confusion, yet sufficiently close to a common word to convey its meaning instantaneously.

Dyna-Soar: a projected manned orbital glider or bomber now under study. A "dyne" is a unit of force. It's hard to believe there wasn't a touch of humor in the coinage.

Gnotobiotics: the study of germ-free animals for use in space probes. Martians yet unborn may rise up and call our gnotobiologists blessed. Conversely, diseased Venutians and polluted Plutonians may call down curses upon us because we neglected cosmic asepsis.

Gox: gaseous oxygen. To the old-fashioned laymen, oxygen is a gas, but in missilry it is more often a liquid or even a solid; so gaseous oxygen has to be distinguished.

Gravipause: the boundary at which the dominant gravity of a particular spatial body ends, and is matched by the countergravity

of another moving spatial body.

Infrahuman: a live animal used instead of a man in life-science experiments.

Jetavator: a control surface that may be moved into or against a rocket's jet stream, used to change the direction of the jet flow for thrust vector control.

Missileer: a person skilled in missilry or the launching and control of missiles. A variant spelling, *missilier*, coined in analogy with *bombardier* and *grenadier*, is also acceptable. Already the new language has its permissible variants!

Pre-Sputnik: pertaining to time before Oct. 4, 1957, when the first man-made satellite, Sputnik I, was launched. In *Brave New World* Aldous Huxley dated time A.F. and B.F., "after Ford" and "before Ford," but he was only joking. *Pre-Sputnik* is serious and, indeed, the launching of Sputnik I may very well serve as one of time's dividing events.

Razon: a 2nd World War bomb with control surfaces at the tail providing a means of directing by radio signals.

Rockoon: a rocket designed to be launched from a balloon. This fine portmanteau word would have delighted Lewis Carroll.

Silo: a missile shelter that consists of a hardened vertical hole in the ground with facilities either for lifting the missile to a launch position or for direct launch from the shelter. It was at first called

an "inverted silo." Linguistically, it was not an inversion but a re-inversion, because *silo* (Greek *siros*) originally meant a pit in which grain was stored. The farmer pulled the hole inside out and the aerospacemen merely pushed it back into the ground.

Trud: time remaining until dive. It should be a useful word for post-Sputnikian poets, rhyming, as it does, with *dud*, *mud*, *blood*, *scrud*, *crud*, and other accompaniments of today's missilry.

Not the least startling fact about the new language is that it has its slang as well as its standard forms. It has *auntie* for

anti-missile, *stovepipe* for the outside shell of a rocket vehicle, and *Tarzan* for a six-ton razor.

New as it is, the language has its archaisms, its outmoded terms, quaint old-fashioned pre-Sputnikisms: *buzz bomb*, *Holy Moses* (a high-velocity aircraft rocket), and *Weary Willie* (a B-17 or B-24 bomber in the 2nd World War loaded with TNT and used as a guided missile, the pilot bailing out.)

Most of the archaisms have a touch of lightness about them and echo literature and mythology. After Sputnik the lighter touch seems to have vanished.

* * *

THE PERFECT ASSIST

I had been ordained just two years, and was in charge of my first mission station in New Guinea, when I underwent my first visitation by my bishop. He was the late Bishop Andre Sorin, M.S.C., a distinguished, formidable-looking man with piercing eyes and prematurely gray hair and beard.

The bishop was to offer the parish Mass on Sunday—at eight o'clock, I had informed him. A large crowd had assembled. As I sat in the confessional, hearing penitent after penitent, I watched with dismay as the hands of the clock crept past eight o'clock, then past 8:15 and 8:30; and still the people came.

I finally slipped out and sped to my house, where the bishop had been waiting for nearly an hour to begin the liturgical procession to the church.

"I'm very sorry, My Lord," I began, "but the people are still coming for Confessions. I don't know how long it will be before we can start Mass."

Bishop Sorin's eyes went wide with delight. "Father, that is wonderful!" he said. "What better reason could we have for being late than to have so many people coming for the sacraments? You must be doing great work here!"

I went back to the confessional feeling like a pocket-edition St. Paul, and hoping to see a still longer line.

K. B. Murphy, M.S.C.

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Those TV Priests

*In the mass media,
priests come in two
models: Father Fitzgerald
and Father Crosby*

By Gilbert Roxburgh, O.P.

*Condensed from "Today"**

A HARRIED TV scenario writer is seated at his desk in a Manhattan office. In mid-script, he suddenly perceives that what his play demands is a new character, a priest. A puzzled look comes over his face. "What in the world is a priest like?" he asks himself.

He does not know. He tries to think back to the last time he met a priest. That does no good, because the fact is he has never known one.

Maybe he could remember one he read about in a book. Even though TV writers have publicly admitted that they rarely read books, perhaps this writer can reconstruct some foggy por-

trait of—of what? Chesterton's Father Brown? No, too individual a character for TV. Then he recalls Karl Malden as the priest in *On the Waterfront*. No, too controversial.

Just as he reaches the threshold of despair, the solution comes to him. He sits back with a sigh of relief.

"What's good enough for one mass medium is good enough for another," he seems to say, as his mind turns back to a pallid little motion picture which, once upon a time, presented to the world the grand image of what the Catholic priest must forever be.

The typewriter begins again. The writer smiles. His script will

* 1700 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago 12, Ill. June, 1961. ©1961 by Today Society, and reprinted with permission.

once again convey the two-headed stereotype begun more than 15 years ago in *Going My Way*. The writers cannot forget the old man with the Hibernian accent, the brash young curate with the breezy manner.

The lasting power of the image is astounding. It makes no difference that some priests are balanced and likable, and some are not; some scholars, others less literary; some Polish, some Swedish, some a bizarre American compound. Rest assured, if a man is a priest, such differences will disappear. All priests come in one of two models.

Let's take a look at model A. An innocent man, running from the police, comes seeking counsel at the rectory. Who should open the front door but the pastor himself? He is an old priest with white hair, many wrinkles, and a cheery smile. Let us call him Father Fitzgerald; he is usually named Kelly or Murphy or O'Something.

A venerable, gentle, slightly confused man with old-style glasses resting down around the end of his nose (when he is not misplacing them), Father Fitzgerald is otherwise a shrewd fellow when dealing with temporalities. Sometimes he is a little unethical, but for all that very charming, and adept at the simple-minded ecclesiastical jest.

Exception: if the priest is a Franciscan, special rules apply.

For one thing, we know immediately that we are watching a drama set in Old California, since everyone knows it was in that place at that time that Franciscans felt most at home. In this case the priest is called "padre," like a chaplain in a 2nd World War movie.

The padre is always going around trying to cool hot tempers by calling every man "my son" and every woman "my daughter." This kind of talk seems ill-calculated to do anything of the sort, but it does in TV fact turn the trick.

Since the priesthood is essentially the same everywhere and at all times, the Franciscan friar, too, is gentle and impractical. However, at least once in every show the friar will become righteously angry (to show that he is not *too* gentle) and will in almost no time, out of almost nothing, build a great cathedral in the wilderness, suitable for the use of almost nobody (to show that he is not *too* impractical).

The villain to whom the priest directs his wrath is sure to get his comeuppance; that's God's way on TV. The priest also has a way with savage Indians, and saves all the white people, a feat which shows that religion isn't quite as ineffectual as TV otherwise shows it to be.

So much for model A. Model B is the young curate. He is always good-looking, but not too good-

looking, because after all he is a priest. Always a master of the bright, witty saying, the young priest (let us call him Father Crosby) invariably likes to sing. His tastes in music are so uniform, no matter in what corner of the mass media he should pop up, as to prove that, no matter what seminary you attend, the music-appreciation course in all of them pretty well hammers at the same things. Not much of a one for *Che gelida manina* or even *Jeanie With the Light Brown Hair*, Father Crosby rather goes for the popular ballad and, on occasion, a nonsectarian Christmas carol or two.

If he plays a musical instrument, the laws of stereotype would never permit him to cultivate the oboe or violoncello or paper-and-comb; it must be the piano or saxophone or jazz trumpet.

What the well-dressed priest is wearing can also be a matter of great interest. Television is not content to depict its priests in cassocks. Too prosaic. Even the addition of the biretta, which is not ordinarily favored by priests as household wear, isn't sufficient. The TV industry has a deep-rooted desire to portray the priest as someone to be found at any given moment fully costumed in every ecclesiastical garment he possesses—in everything but the Mass vestments, when you come right down to it.

I am not referring to the shoulder cape, with which the less ambitious among TV producers content themselves. Nor do I refer to a character in a TV drama I once saw who wore a black skullcap, though he was attached to an ordinary American city parish. I'm thinking mainly of a TV pastor who was summoned, presumably from bed, in the wee hours, and answered his door in his cassock, over which he wore a perfectly pressed white lace surplice.

That brings up another point. Back in the 3rd century of the Christian era, a holy man named Anthony gave all his possessions to the poor and embraced an austere life in a dark tomb near Coma, Egypt.

It is apparently TV's unshakable conviction that most priests carry their admiration of St. Anthony to the point of emulation. The ordinary city rectory, as TV shows it to us, bears a remarkable similarity to the desert tombs. The home of the Catholic pastor is always a great dark place with high, grimy windows, through which shafts of light occasionally filter from the city jungle.

Furnishings ordinarily include high-backed chairs from the era of Bishop Carroll and moth-eaten drapes that were quite the thing in the time of Cardinal Gibbons (of course, they were not moth-eaten then), and there is not a sign of comfort anywhere, not

even a TV set before which the priest can sit to watch caricatures of himself.

As yet, no one seems to have considered why the priests cannot be shown as they are, with one as different from another as characters in any other way of life.

No one personality type exists among priests, no single set of interests, no characteristic pattern of conversation, no feeling of "Ah, he doesn't know the National league scores; send him back to the seminary."

Many kinds of men are called to be priests. Conditioned by their own temperaments and environments, battling their individual faults, bearing individual disappointments, they perform their important duties in a thousand highly personal and sometimes eccentric ways.

Barry Fitzgerald and Bing Crosby went on to better things after their *Going My Way* days, and many priests have begun their priestly lives since then. Let's have a look at some of them once in a while.



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Frederick Boland of the UN

He has never been bored, least of all
as 15th General Assembly president

By Kathleen McLaughlin

Condensed from "View" *

WHEN HISTORY casts an Irishman in the role of international referee, the times are not what they were. Nor is Frederick Henry Boland, president of the 15th General Assembly of the UN, cut to the pattern of the mercurial, trigger-tempered sons of Erin so repetitiously portrayed on stage and in fiction.

That he is capable of coming to a boil within the same split second as many of his compatriots was made amply evident in a widely publicized episode last October. However, his eruption climaxed a period of provocation more sustained than any of his predecessors on the rostrum had ever endured. His tenure has coincided with the tensest, most fractious session in the decade and a half that the UN has been in existence.



Boland

When the current session adjourns, Boland will snatch up his bags, board a plane, and escape to the haven he most favors. It is a diminutive, mellowed hostelry in Waterville, County Kerry, frequented for years by anglers for salmon and trout. Each of the group cherishes the companionship awaiting him there as much as the excellent fare, the quiet pools, and the exhilaration of the quick strike of a game fish.

Fishermen need patience. Yet a snap deduction that this virtue—which has distinguished Frederick Boland's administration as presiding officer of the Assembly—must have been acquired from his preferred sport would be only 50% accurate. He is probably the first occupant of the presidential chair who served

* 110 Shonnard Place, Yonkers, N.Y. May, 1961. © 1961, and reprinted with permission.

an apprenticeship for the post.

As long ago as 1938, the record reads, he was getting schooling for the job, as counselor to Eamon De Valera, at that time prime minister of Ireland and president of the Assembly of the League of Nations in Geneva. Boland's education encompassed intricate parliamentary procedure; sensitive diplomatic maneuvers between states; subordination of personal emotions to national interests.

Even today it is a matter of pride with President Boland that in 1936 Ireland spoke out in the League on behalf of the emperor of Ethiopia, when Haile Selassie appealed there against the invasion of his land by Mussolini's armies. That incident, he sadly concedes, symbolized for him as for others the twilight of the league. The members failed to rally strongly to the Ethiopian plea, which had been based on the principle of human rights.

His sentiments regarding that long-ago tragedy reflect the other dominant trait, fairness, with which UN delegations generally credit him. They noted it first when as president of the UN's Trusteeship council in 1958 he steered their often abrasive debates about conditions in dependent areas. He did so without incurring hostility from either of the clashing factions of "colonialists" or "anticolonialists."

During the first part of the

1960 Assembly, which was disturbed by the rumpuses precipitated by Chairman Khrushchev as well as by unusually rough-and-tumble oratory, Mr. Boland's incisive rulings did much to smother incipient explosiveness. Just once in that interval he flared.

A Romanian overstepped the bounds of Assembly decorum by accusing the president of bias toward communist representatives and by attempting to make a heated reference to English oppression of Ireland in the past. The president's gavel descended with such impact that it broke.

Boland the Irishman was furious at the personal slur and at the communist reference to his country's history to inflame delegate opinion. But Boland the diplomat, his normally deliberate tones smoldering with indignation, only commented, "After the scene we have just witnessed, I am sure that the Assembly will feel that the time has come to adjourn."

The offender, Deputy Foreign Minister Eduard Mezincescu, later apologized for his *faux pas*. As the Assembly recessed, he assured an Irish correspondent that he remained "one of Mr. Boland's most fervent admirers."

The encounter brought Boland a unique demonstration of public endorsement. He was quickly in receipt of 29 new gavels, some fashioned from wood

with appropriate historic connotations. They came from various countries. One was of fine Irish blackthorn; it came from an Ulsterman in Belfast, Northern Ireland.

As a dividend of sorts, conveying urgent but mute suggestion, he also found himself in possession of four shillelaghs. Since the UN furnishes its own gavels, he has begun to distribute the collection among his friends. The shillelaghs are another matter. "Those I shall keep," he grins.

Mr. Boland wears his current office with dignity but without pompousness. Promptly appreciative of the lighter touch whenever it crops up in UN debate, he can also inject it himself.

Late one afternoon during his Trusteeship-council incumbency, prolonged disputes had rubbed raw the patience of participants. Somewhere in the headquarters area a technician fiddling with a mesh of cables accidentally piped the musical introduction to a radio program into the simultaneous translation system.

An Asian delegate demanded the floor, his voice grating with irritation. "Mr. President! Mr. President!" he importuned. "I am hearing the sounds of music in my earphones."

Boland peered at the speaker, his gray-green eyes twinkling impishly through his spectacles. "If you are listening to the strains

of harmony, I can assure you that they are not coming from this room," he said.

Boland could easily be mistaken by strangers for a business executive, a jurist, or a university professor (for any of which roles he could easily qualify).

He is of medium height and weight, with a smooth-shaven, full face, ruddy complexion, and precisely parted steel-gray hair. His taste in clothes is ultraconservative.

Except for his intense loyalty to Ireland, and a family which by his own account has "always been strongly against emigration," he might now be an American. That would have excluded him automatically from his post as president of the UN Assembly. A representative of any of the five big powers may not hold that office. He confesses that when he spent two years in the U.S. in 1926-28, as a Rockefeller research fellow in the social sciences, he wrestled with a desire to stay and take up citizenship.

On his 57th birthday last Jan. 11, he sat in his office and reminisced about those days which followed his graduation from Trinity college in Dublin. "I thought about U.S. citizenship long and earnestly," he says of the months he spent at three universities: Harvard, Chicago, and North Carolina. "Then I went home to talk things over before I made a final decision."

There he found that history had in large measure made his decision for him. The Irish Free State had been established, separated from its former ties to England.

"In that moment the Irish Foreign service was just being formed," he recalls. "We were country people. My mother, who died when I was quite small, came from Kildare, and my father from Tipperary. He ended up in Dublin as assistant secretary of the treasury and as Civil Service commissioner, in charge of recruiting for public service."

With a likely college graduate of his own family in his own house, brooding about his future, the senior Boland lost no time in urging the satisfactions of a career in public service.

"We had many a long talk about it, my father and I, of evenings there in our home in Dublin," Mr. Boland recalls. "I was equipped for the life, and I made my choice. People in such eras have a bit of the missionary spirit, you know, and after all, we belonged to the first generation of Irish who had ever had the opportunity of serving a government all our own. I have never regretted it. I have done what I wanted to do with my life."

He entered the foreign service in 1929 as 3rd secretary. By 1932 he was in the Irish legation (now an embassy) in Paris. Two years

later he was head of the League of Nations section of the Irish Department of External Affairs. In 1936 he was transferred to the Department of Industry and Commerce as head of the foreign-trade division. He returned in 1938 to the Department of External Affairs as assistant secretary general, at 42 one of the youngest men ever to hold that post.

From 1950 to 1956 he served as the Irish ambassador in London. That summer he was dispatched to New York to head the Irish delegation to the UN.

One of the pleasantest parts of his life caught up with him on his initial foreign assignment. Into the legation in Paris came Frances Kelly, a fresh-faced, blonde and blue-eyed Irish student, seeking a letter of introduction to the *College des Beaux Arts*, to which she had won a three-year scholarship.

Having been to Boland's desk for attention, she went away with the letter she had come for and his heart as well. "We met in Paris in 1932, were engaged in 1934, and were married in Dublin in 1935," President Boland recounts. "Yes, she did finish out her scholarship."

His wife's talent as a portraitist, muralist, and still-life painter has been a source of pleasure to her and gratification to him, although he admits rather ruefully that it has apparently been inher-

ited by none of their children (one son and four daughters). He radiates paternal pride, however, about the quality of poems produced by his youngest child, Eavan, a group of which have been accepted for publication in one of the top magazines in New York.

Eavan, at 16, is still in boarding school in Killiney, ten miles from Dublin. Her flair for literature may well reflect her father's penchant for the classics ever since his boyhood at Clongowes Wood college and at Trinity college.

He is especially fond of a quotation from Horace: "*Aequam memento rebus in arduis servare mentem*" (Remember to keep a cool head in difficult circumstances). Last spring he accepted an invitation from Fordham university to sit as a member of the examining board for freshmen studying Latin. Upon Boland's election as president of the UN Assembly, Father William A. Grimaldi of Fordham forwarded a token of appreciation which also served as an apt admonition. It was a copy of the works of Horace, with the pet passage deftly pointed up.

The volume is one of his treasures among the memorabilia of a busy public life that has taken him to many lands in many capacities. He was a member of the Irish delegation at several conferences, such as the Commonwealth Economic conference

and the 1939 session on the operation of Dominion legislation. He participated in the Commonwealth Conference on Nationality in London in 1947, and the diplomatic conference on the Council of Europe in 1949. He was on the committee of the European Economic Cooperation organization, in Paris in 1947, on which a relatively obscure young Swede named Dag Hammarskjold also served.

Versatility has always been a Boland characteristic. In his college years he organized a ragtime band in which he played the piano. He still keeps in practice and occasionally can be persuaded to entertain at private parties, on about the same musical level of accomplishment, he says good-humoredly, as that of former President Truman.

He also was a member of the staff and editor of *T.C.D. (Trinity College Daily)*, and a member of the debating society. He continues to be rated as an excellent speaker. The most vigorous form of athletics in which he has ever indulged was Rugby football, at Trinity. "I was enthusiastic, but not good," is how he sums up that experience.

Many Americans, disconcerted by the votes cast by the Irish delegation in favor of discussing admission of Red China to the UN, have speculated as to where Boland stands in this matter. The official answer is that if and when

the membership issue were finally joined, the Irish delegation's vote would be influenced by its government's present view that mainland China's eligibility is highly dubious under provisions of the UN charter. Meanwhile, Ireland favors open debate on all important and controversial items, including Chinese representation.

Boland's appeal in early February to the annual Archdiocesan Teachers' institute in the New Yorker hotel, to take the offensive against "atheistic communism," clarified beyond question his individual attitude. He urged the 1,200 teachers present to give their pupils a thorough grounding in communist theory and tactics, as preparation for meeting that challenge on its own ground and with its own techniques of attack rather than defense.

The crimson rosette frequently visible in Boland's lapel symbolizes the order of Knight Commander of St. Gregory. It was presented to him by the late Pope Pius XII. It came in recognition of his work as chairman of a committee administering a fund of \$30 million which the Irish Parliament had voted for a three-

year period to send food to Europe after the 2nd World War.

Sweden has conferred on him the Grand Cross of the Northern Star. He opened diplomatic relations with that country for Ireland in 1946, and saw through to their ratification several agreements formulated in the economic, social, and cultural spheres.

His job as presiding official at the 15th General Assembly has beyond doubt enhanced his standing in his own country and abroad. Yet it has taxed every reserve of his diplomatic training, for brickbats have been interspersed among the bouquets tossed at him.

He has called Fidel Castro to order; halted Khrushchev's noisy interruption of Prime Minister Harold Macmillan of Britain; and mildly admonished the representatives of Panama, Ecuador, the U.S., Guinea, and India. And he has done it strictly under the rules of the Assembly, tactfully enough to leave no sting and no loophole for challenge.

On his last birthday, Boland summed up his career with the words, "I've never been bored." No wonder!



STILL, SMALL VOICE

The well-appointed rooms in a certain Maine inn are decorated with fine prints. If a departing guest, overcome by temptation, removes a picture from the wall, he finds himself staring at a printed notice: "Put it Back!"

D.L.B.

At Mass With the 1st Grade

Sister Jean keeps a loving but
apprehensive eye on the first seven
pews, Blessed Mother's side

By Sister Marie Dolores, S.S.J.

ALL OF FIVE minutes before Mass, Sister Jean had arranged the ribbons in her missal. "Since I am so early," she decided, "I'll really be able to make my preparation worth while. Dear Lord—" she began, and stopped. Now why was Dennis Murphy enthroned so majestically at the end of the pew?

The child must have claustrophobia. If he couldn't seize the first place, he would never relinquish the last place. One force alone could stir him: Sister Jean's gentle reminder to move.

Her mission accomplished, Sister knelt again, determined to pray without distraction. She did, until she realized that Jenny Lang had come into church hatless, and after all that St. Paul had said! "Jenny," she whispered to the child ahead of her, "where is your hat?"

Poor Jenny! Her face registering horror, she slowly extracted her hat from the belongings she had laid on the floor. The clang



of the overturned lunch box pierced the quiet.

Sister Jean gave a resigned sigh. Why did 1st graders have to be so noisy? One could always trace the sounds of lunch boxes, rolling pennies, and snapping rosary cases to the first seven pews, Blessed Mother's side, reserved for grade 1. Oh well, probably the Child Jesus had dropped his denarius in the synagogue when it got hot in his little hand.

Jenny now properly attired, Sister once more began to pray. "Dear Lord—" she ventured, and felt little Sandy Dunn next to her pull her sleeve timidly. "What is it?" queried Sister.

"Sister," came the confidential message, "I think my tooth is loose."

"All right, I'll pull it in school. It doesn't hurt, does it?"

Sandy's plain little face brightened. She shook her head negatively and pushed her little pink tongue against the offending member.

Sister always argued with herself over the confidences these little ones entrusted to her during Mass. Talking in church, even to her, was not to be encouraged. Still, she reasoned, it didn't hurt to dismiss the child with a touch of personal interest. At this point (for lately she was reaching it several times a week) she always resolved to mention this very problem during her next session on politeness in church.

As she knelt there, planning ways and means, the jangle of the sanctuary bell set her thoughts aflight. Where had the time gone? Here she was, guilty of distraction again.

While the priest arranged the book, Sister glanced over her class. Again she felt the glow of satisfaction she always felt when she observed them at peaceful moments: so innocent, so completely unspoiled by greed. "Really, they

are just babies, and so good. It is a privilege to work with them. If only I could remember that fact about 2:30 in the afternoon when my patience is worn and my energy is gone."

Her reverie was shattered by the sound of little feet pounding rapidly down the aisle. "And I reminded him not to run in church. Does he ever remember anything! Maybe it's a 3rd grader and the noise will stop before it gets this far. No, it's Martin, and he'll bang up here and right on down to the front pew. Oh, that boy!"

"Martin," she hissed as he stamped by, "pick up your feet."

The noise stopped, leaving a heavy stillness in the building. Martin tried to make himself inconspicuous; he hunched his shoulders, lowered his red head, and stumbled into the nearest pew. Now that all was serene again, Sister felt guilty. After all, she didn't have to embarrass the child. "He really meant well and was only trying to get past all those rows of children. I'll tell him that he should start out earlier next time."

By this time Father was at the Gloria, and Sister glanced at the aisle as she turned a page. "Well, here we go," she groaned. There was Johnny Howe and his ridiculous ritual. If only he could locate his right knee. He stopped, looked down pathetically as if the proper knee might offer some clue

to its identity. His left knee bent slightly, then straightened. His right imitated the procedure, and still he was caught in the agonies of indecision. Which was which? They looked terribly alike.

Sister flagged him with her hand. Relieved, he marched back to receive his instructions. His ceremony finally accomplished, he glided into the pew and sat down pleased with himself. "I must remind them to kneel before they sit, no matter what the rest of us are doing. Oh well, I can't expect them to learn everything at once."

Before she realized it, all had risen for the Gospel. Sister liked that parable about the wise virgin, so profound and yet so humanly appealing. Now why didn't Sally Andlet stand on the floor? "She knows that she shouldn't stand on the kneelers. Sometimes she can be quite perverse. Why yesterday, when she insisted on—" But Sally lowered herself to the level of the class, and Sister returned to her missal. Offertory already!

Seated, she appraised the rows of silent children. "They really are prayerful. I must tell them how nice it is to see such a good group. Why, every girl has a rosary. And they pray so fervently. Not like their teacher! I wonder if Tommy Kelly will be a priest. He definitely is unusual."

Fragile Margaret Adams shattered her daydream. She was a ghastly shade of white. Leaning

forward, Sister tapped Jean on the shoulder and whispered, "Tell Phyllis to tell Margaret that I want her." Jean, so dependable, finally distracted Phyllis from her prayer book and delivered her message. Another delay as bewildered Phyllis searched for Margaret.

Discovered at last, Margaret rose. Weak and pale, she began to weave toward Sister, who was by now in the middle of the aisle. But Margaret met an obstacle in Thérèse Gilden, who was praying with her baby-blue eyes closed, clutching her little rosary as if the salvation of her innocent soul depended upon the strength of her grasp.

The sick child tapped Thérèse hopefully on her arm, but the little mystic was not to be so easily distracted. Jean, who had been watching, decided that the moment called for some desperate measures. "Thérèse," she commanded in a stage whisper, "sit down out of the way. Margaret's sick." Thérèse moved swiftly. Sister and Margaret hurried down the aisle. "Dear God, please let her make it," prayed Sister Jean.

Back in her place again for the Consecration, Sister gazed at the elevated Host. "Forgive me, Lord, but duty comes first," she pleaded as she lowered her eyes and scanned the rows ahead. Some of the boys still neglected to look up when the bells pealed. "Perhaps if I dramatize this in religion

class. Tommy can be the priest and Stevie Bordman will ring a forceful bell. He has such gusto. I do want the Mass to live for the children. Then when they are men and women—oh dear, when will I ever have the time to do everything? The day is just too short."

Reverently she closed her eyes. "Oh my God, I renew my vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience, hoping with the help of thy grace—"

It couldn't be, but it was. Connie Jane Epstein was actually in church before the class marched over to school. "Will wonders never cease? Now why doesn't Carol move down? What makes children so indifferent to little things, such as a lone child standing confused in the aisle. Thank heaven, she finally moved."

And then, peace at last. Sister rejoiced at the number of children who received Communion each day. Thanks to St. Pius X they were all—"Oh!" She almost dropped her missal in fright. How had tiny Greg gotten out of his seat and close enough to pull her veil for attention? "What is it?" she asked.

"Sister, may I please leave the church?" he politely whispered.

"Yes, Greg." She heard him patter toward the exit before the implication dawned on her. "I gave him permission to leave the Church." The more she thought about the matter, the funnier it

struck her. She wanted desperately to giggle. "Wait till I tell that one to Father Conway," she promised herself.

When the organist sang the Communion antiphon, Sister belatedly remembered that this was the Mass she had resolved to offer for Reverend Mother's feast. "If all the Sisters offer a Mass as preoccupied as this one!"

She caught the profile of Sister Elizabeth on the opposite side of the aisle. "My, it must be wonderful to be able to pray so peacefully! Sister's 2nd graders must have an understanding of the Mass as well as iron constitutions. Yes, and next year when I hand over my group, trained by that time, I hope, Sister will continue praying while I struggle with the beginners. Maybe she is praying doubly hard this morning. If so, she can atone for my deficiency. The doctrine of the mystical Body has such practical applications."

At the last Gospel she had finally succeeded in opening her book to the proper place. There were no interruptions as she followed the beautiful, poignant words of St. John: "He came unto his own, and his own received Him not." She liked to reflect that because of the work to which she and her fellow Religious were dedicated, hundreds of souls came closer to Christ.

Enraptured, she scarcely noticed Sheila McKay. Her anxious face was upturned lovingly to

Sister Jean's. "Sister, may I carry your prayer book to school?"

The request surprised the Sister. Not because Sheila had asked to carry the prized book; all the children vied for that honor, and it taught them thoughtfulness. But she was amazed that Mass should be over so soon. "How can

Mass be over! I haven't begun to pray yet. About all I ever do is direct traffic and solve difficulties. The Redemptorist retreatmaster we had last June certainly knew about nuns at children's Mass. What was it he said? Something about order—that's it: 'Keeping order in the King's court.'"



NEW WORDS FOR YOU

BY G. A. CEVASCO

Latin and Greek prefixes play an important part in our language. Learning them is one way to improve your vocabulary, for a knowledge of these opening syllables gives you valuable clues to English word meanings.

Epi-, for example, comes from Greek. It means above, over, upon. First note the affixture of this prefix to the words listed below in Column A; then see if you can match them with their meanings found in Column B.

Column A

1. *epigram*
2. *epidemic*
3. *epilogue*
4. *epicenter*
5. *epithet*
6. *epoch*
7. *epidermoid*
8. *ephemeral*
9. *epitomize*
10. *epitaph*
11. *episode*
12. *epistle*

Column B

- a) A memorable period of time; "to hold upon."
- b) To abridge; summarize; "to cut upon."
- c) Beginning and ending in a day; "upon a day"; short-lived.
- d) Earth's surface directly above the focus of an earthquake; hence any focal point.
- e) Inscription on a headstone or memorial.
- f) A written communication, especially one formal or instructive; "to send over."
- g) Disease affecting large numbers of people at the same time; "upon the people."
- h) Witty thought tersely expressed; "to write upon."
- i) Words of closing added to a novel, poem, or play; "to say upon."
- j) Set of events that stand out or over others.
- k) Of the nature of or resembling the outer layer of skin.
- l) A descriptive term; an uncomplimentary name "put upon" someone.

(Answers on page 55)



Cable Cars: Link with the Past

*With San Franciscans, they
are worth doing battle for*

By Stanley S. Jacobs

BERT FORBES, a jet-transport pilot from London, journeyed to San Francisco a few months ago with his wife and three small children "for the most exciting ride I've ever had in my life." This was not a goose-pimple flight in a shrieking delta-wing aircraft, but a 15c trip up and down the city's steep hills on one of San Francisco's antiquated but immortal "dinkies."

These are the tiny, clangorous, audacious cable cars which have left their stamp on the personality of one of the world's great cities. "I say, it's fun, a real thrill!" said nervous pilot Forbes, gritting his teeth and hanging for dear life to an open-air seat as the little car, bell clanging musically, charged

into a cluster of autos and pedestrians while going down a 22% grade. All in the path of the car scattered, for in San Francisco a cherished dinky takes precedence over everything else on wheels or afoot.

In traveling to distant California, the English family joined thousands of other cable devotees who have made the pilgrimage in other years. These include Oscar Wilde (he recited poetry while clad in an ermine jacket and riding the Hayes St. line); Enrico Caruso, who burst into song from sheer delight during a downward swoop of his cable car; Sigmund Romberg and Lawrence Tibbet, who made impassioned pleas from the concert stage for retention of the archaic vehicles; Mark Twain, who chortled with glee after his first ride; and Harry S. Truman, who was serenaded in 1950 by gripmen ringing their bells in unison for the grinning President.

In 1889, Rudyard Kipling, en route to India, stopped off to see San Francisco's cable lines, which were world-famous even then. The English novelist gawked, yanked switches, rang bells, and happily told civic dignitaries: "The cable cars are awesome! I have given up asking questions about their mechanism. If it pleases providence to make a car run up and down a slit in the ground for many miles, why should I seek reasons for that 'miracle'?"

But it remained for the poet Gelett Burgess to immortalize the doughty little cars in his poem *The Ballad of the Hyde Street Grip*:

*North Beach to Tenderloin, over
Russian Hill,
The grades are something giddy,
and the curves are fit to kill!
All the way to Market Street,
climbing up the slope,
Down upon the other side, hang-
ing to the rope!
But the view is San Francisco, as
you take the lurching dip—
There is plenty of excitement on
the Hyde Street Grip!*

So firmly is this mode of transportation rooted in the hearts of San Franciscans that the cable-car motif is evident everywhere—in stores, eating places, even personal attire. You can buy a Countess Mara necktie flaunting a red cable car for \$15. Popular items in the city's shops include

cable-car book ends, tie clasps, purses, cigarette lighters, room lamps, and napkins.

Edgar Kahn, a local investment counselor, has written a book, *Cable Car Days*, which is in its 10th printing. Outside the City of Paris department store, a flower vendor hawks his wares from a gay stand designed as a miniature cable car. Cable-car sandwiches in delicatessens vie with salads of the same name in tonier restaurants.

Throughout the world, mayors and park superintendents, business firms, and fans vie for the privilege of buying San Francisco's junked dinkies at high prices. In Osaka, Japan, one of the elderly vehicles is proudly displayed in a public park. It cost the Japanese \$10,000 to erect a handsome shelter for this Nob Hill relic.

Down at Knott's berry farm in southern California, one of the surplus cars carries ecstatic tourists through the orange groves. In Chicago, Harold Warp, a cable buff, paid \$455 for his own surplus car and displays it in a private museum.

One old San Francisco cable car is housed in a fire station in Tacoma, Wash. Others are used as snack bars, swimming-pool dressing rooms, duck blinds, and greenhouses. A decade ago, you could acquire a scrapped car for as little as \$40; today the going price for an antiquated dinky of Gay 90's vintage is \$5,000 and up.

You can slight a San Franciscan's family, deprecate his taste in clothes, sneer at his cherished cafes, and speak bitingly of his beloved fog. But if you show anything but idolatry for his three remaining cable lines, run—don't walk—for the nearest exit! If the *aficionados* had their way, criticizing the cable cars or advocating motor buses in their stead would be capital offenses, just as stealing horses in the old days was cause for lynchings by the city's vigilantes.

It was a London-born Scot, Andrew Hallidie, who got the idea for cable-car transportation one foggy night in 1869 while he was struggling afoot up one of San Francisco's incredibly steep hills.

Hallidie, a wire-rope maker who had come to California as a boy, watched a heavily laden horsecar trying to reach the brow of the hill. The exhausted horses lost their footing, the car's brake slipped, and the vehicle rolled backward with 30 passengers.

The people were unhurt, but the bloody, lathered horses had to be killed. A compassionate man, Hallidie became an inventor with a mission, desperately wanting to save the dozens of horses which had to be killed each year after suffering injuries while pulling trams.

On Aug. 1, 1873, Hallidie and his friends worked feverishly laying the last cable in a street slot to meet a deadline imposed by

skeptical city fathers. San Francisco had laughed at "Hallidie's folly." Now the first bright wooden vehicle stood poised at the top of the Clay St. hill, ready for its maiden plunge downward.

A newly hired gripman took one terrified look at the steep decline and ran away. Hallidie himself took hold of the wheel which engaged the cable sunk in the street. The little car moved briskly downhill at a steady nine miles an hour. Workmen, bankers, storekeepers, and pedestrians cheered.

San Francisco quickly took the cable cars to its ample heart. By 1880, eight lines were operating along 112 miles of cable. Eager speculators were granted franchises indiscriminately. The city was on a cable-car binge: by 1890, ten competing companies were operating 600 cars along 55 miles of double track. They employed 1,500 men, and San Francisco, the Paris of the West, had a novel civic attraction which still lures visitors from every town in America and foreign lands.

A cable car moves forward only when the gripman pulls back on a four-foot perpendicular lever which closes a pincers-like grip on the endless wire moving under the city streets.

The cars have four separate braking devices. Theoretically, it should be impossible for one of the wooden dinkies to go out of control. As a last resort, the gripman can pull back mightily on

his emergency brake which causes an 18-inch guillotine to penetrate the cable slot in the pavement. There it is wedged tight by pressure and friction and the car grinds to a shuddering halt.

Despite these safeguards, there have been some spectacular accidents in the hilly metropolis. Twenty passengers were injured several years ago when a car took off madly down a hill and heeled over on its side.

One car made a wild dash down California St. and crashed through a butcher's window. Dazed passengers walked around draped in kidneys, livers, and other crimsoned meat products. A horrified New Yorker, thinking people had been disemboweled in the accident, telephoned hospitals, police, and the fire department.

Soon the street was clogged with ambulances and doctors. To the incredulity of the visitor, no passengers were injured and the livers and other items were restored to the butcher shop. The cable-car riders coolly hailed another dinky and rode on to the bottom of the hill.

During the Republican National convention in 1956, a party of happy politicians boarded a Powell St. car, intent on having their pictures taken for their hometown papers. They were standing on the running boards when the grip slipped and the car rolled backward down the hill.

The crew finally managed to

halt the runaway, but not until the panicky delegates had leaped from the moving dinky and fled to the nearest tavern to ruminate on San Francisco's devotion to the "little monsters," as one unhinged politician termed the cars.

In a cable, having a break-pull of 130,000 pounds, there are six woven strands of 19 wires each. The cable which snakes through downtown streets is operated from a central power plant by a 750-hp electric motor that turns the cable winders.

A cable never breaks from wearing out, but it is watched anxiously day and night for signs of fraying or damage. A cable will snap only if a car is in an accident or if a sudden strain is put on the thick metal ropes. Then the repair crews must search for the loose ends with flashlights. A temporary splice is made on the spot and the cable machinery is slowly started to bring the repaired section back to the car house. There the damaged cable is carefully woven with a giant splice.

In cosmopolitan San Francisco, everybody helps push the cable car around on its wooden turntable at one of the busiest downtown intersections, Powell and Market Sts. Lawyers and doctors, bootblacks and salesmen, all race up, grab the poles and handholds of the dinky, and swivel it around for the return journey to the top of Nob Hill.

During the 2nd World War, when there was an acute shortage of labor, judges, teachers, and tycoons pitched in to serve as crewmen on the noisy, indomitable little cars. One executive, T. C. Dillon of Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborne advertising agency, worked at night as a gripman because of his love for the ancient vehicles.

A cable car can get away with things which are forbidden to such prosaic carriers as trolleys, buses, trucks, and autos. Gripman Raymond Isaac was cited by a new traffic cop for speeding when his grip slipped and the car coasted along at a merry 20-mile-per-hour clip.

"You can't arrest me," Isaac protested. "In San Francisco, cable cars are exempt from traffic ordinances." Police officials, checking the law, found that this was true, and proud Gripman Isaac was immediately released with all due apologies.

Inasmuch as no new cable cars have been manufactured for two generations, any needed replacement parts, seats, mechanism, or artwork has to be created in the shops of the municipally owned railway system which now operates the remaining cable lines.

It takes 150 man-days and \$4,000 to rebuild and spruce up one of the cars which were new before the turn of the century. All machine parts have to be cast and forged by hand. The wooden

fixtures are lovingly produced by individual craftsmen.

The unpredictable little carriers sometimes halt in the middle of a busy intersection to take on or discharge patrons. Other times, a gripman, his attention attracted by a pretty girl or a friend's wave, may sail past a knot of furiously yelling would-be passengers without looking back. There is a local quip that a 14-carat San Franciscan is a person who can predict if and where a cable car will stop.

Despite these quirks, the two-man cable crews for generations have enjoyed the affection of the citizenry. They render courtesies which would amaze the residents of any other city who are accustomed to surly behavior from operators. A gripman may halt his car to retrieve a lady's hat.

One widow says, "I was all alone when my 70th birthday rolled around last month. I had no friends, no birthday cards, no party or cake. When I rode the cable car downtown on an errand, the gripman noticed that I was depressed, and asked why. I told him about my birthday blues.

"All that day, the little car's crew serenaded me with its bells by playing *Happy Birthday to You* whenever it clattered past my apartment. Soon I was laughing. Do you wonder why San Franciscans love their cable cars and the men who run them?"

On every Independence day, a bell-ringing contest for the cable-

car gripmen is held in Union Square. Cash prizes are given to the winners. In this park flanked by skyscrapers, fine stores, and great hotels, the "grips" in their peaked hats and leather jackets display their musical virtuosity on the warning bells of a dinky which has been rolled into the park for the occasion.

A really adept gripman can play *Oh Susanna*, *Sweet Adeline*, *My Old Kentucky Home*, and many other favorites on the bells of his dinky. Can a busy bus driver make the same claim?

The mutual love fest between the car crews and passengers goes deep into the city's early history. In years past, there always was a hot apple pie and jug of milk on the stoop outside the mansion of pioneer Frederick Tillman, for conductors and gripmen.

For decades, apartment-house owners continued the practice but in recent years the dispensing of free food and drink to the crews has been abandoned. "Somebody always steals the sandwiches before the cable men get to the food," grumped a California St. householder. "Must be the dratted tourists who take it. No San Franciscan would snitch a sandwich meant for a conductor or a gripman!"

Although the car operators are not supposed to talk with passengers, crewmen never have bothered to comply with this safety regulation. A gripman will

politely ask a regular patron, "And how is your rheumatism today, Mrs. Smith?" while the conductor may badger a stock broker for investment tips, or exchange jokes with other regulars.

For years, Larry O'Toole, a gripman on the owl run, would hold up his fingers—two, three, or more—to signal the owner of Bruno's Lunch at Columbus and Taylor Sts. how many hamburgers the crew could eat. On the return journey, O'Toole would hop off, get the sandwiches and coffee, and share the food with any home-going passenger who was hungry at 2 A.M.

One of the landmarks along the California St. line is old St. Mary's church on Grant Ave. in the heart of Chinatown. Many a dinky has slowed up before the historic church waiting to pick up worshippers after Mass.

Even now, if there is a wedding party just emerging from St. Mary's, every cable car in the vicinity will bang out on its bells *Here Comes the Bride!* All true San Francisco newlyweds are proud to be serenaded in this fashion.

There always has been a warm feeling between the city's 35,000 Chinese and the crews of the cable cars which bisect the lantern-festooned streets of Chinatown. In the old days, stalwart gripmen and conductors, usually Irish, would befriend newly arrived Chinese by beating off

thugs who wanted to rob them. In gratitude, the Chinese pressed gifts of rice cakes, fortune cookies, tea, and carved ivory trinkets onto the helpful cablemen.

During the tong wars, when not even a dog would be seen on the streets of ominously quiet Chinatown, the dinkies clattered serenely through the battlefield, indifferent to rocks or stray bullets which occasionally shattered car windows.

The three surviving lines, relics of a fleet which once crisscrossed the city, are the Beach and Hyde cars, the Bay and Taylor line, and the California St. line.

Even now, the handful of remaining cars carry 35,000 riders a day. As many as 150 passengers may crowd into a tiny vehicle designed for 30 people. Clinging like insects to the running boards and pressing against the perspiring gripman, they unconcernedly read newspapers, chat, or doze while tourists squeal in terror as the car sways around corners and lurches down fearful grades.

For decades, San Franciscans blithely scorned buses, cabs, and autos, grudgingly sharing their hilly streets with these newfangled contraptions. But in 1947, Mayor Roger Lapham, a no-nonsense businessman, proposed that the dwindling cable lines be scrapped and supplanted by motor buses. His Honor argued that the buses would be not only faster and cheaper, but safer.

This attitude toward the beloved dinkies touched off a still-raging conflict which may make the 30 Years' War seem like a weekend skirmish. The wife of a prominent physician, Mrs. Hans Klussman, rallied the women with cries of outrage and a demand for an organization which would repel Lapham's attack. The modern vigilantes she created were known as the Save the Cable Cars Committee; it still functions whenever cost accountants, traffic experts, or safety specialists cast dubious eyes at the remaining dinkies.

Mrs. Klussman and her feminine warriors used soapboxes, the press, radio, and billboards in defending the cable lines. The committee's appeal for funds was quickly answered. A man over in London telephoned that he loved the little cars and was sending his check posthaste. From Australia came a round-robin letter of support.

Film star Irene Dunne hurried to San Francisco to help the embattled committee. She was given a miniature cable car in recognition of her services in the not-so-cold war against City Hall which is still going on.

Cable-car songs were warbled in theaters, poems extolling the dinkies were recited with fervor at service clubs, and a symphony orchestra presented its premiere of the *Cable Car Concerto*. The prettiest girls clamored to enter

a "cable-car beauty contest" to publicize the extinction threat hanging over the archaic cars. Hollywood borrowed a dinky for its annual Christmas parade.

Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt got into the fight. She made stirring speeches defending the cable cars. Hedda Hopper designed a cable-car hat which even she lacked the temerity to wear more than once.

Actress Billie Burke fired off shrill salvos at the mayor and his experts. Grateful local jewelers presented Miss Burke with a diamond-studded cable-car brooch.

"I shall never set foot on a stage in San Francisco if your delightful cable cars are abandoned," warned actress Katherine Cornell. Eccentric artist Salvador Dali telegraphed his own vehement objection to substituting buses for the dinkies.

The Emporium, biggest department store in town, hoisted a cable car to its roof where it remains today, the delight of adults and kids alike. A Cable Car carnival, held at the plush Fairmont hotel on Nob Hill, earned fresh funds for Mrs. Klussman's committee. Two of the sturdy cars were wheeled into the ornate lobby of the hotel for ceremonies extolling their merits.

Getting into the act at the next mayoralty election, Judge Elmer E. Robinson chose the cable car

as his political symbol and championed retention of the cranky little carriers. He won handily.

Taxpayers then voted a \$20-million bond issue with the understanding that a sizable portion of the money would be used to renovate and maintain the cable routes. When just a trickle of this cash was used to refurbish the cable cars, Mrs. Klussman's committee became more vocal than ever.

In recent years, the proponents of buses at City Hall have scored important innings. Cable lines have been dropped or shortened and buses have been introduced. Vainly an attorney retained by cable-car partisans sought by court order to compel the city to restore service on the abandoned lines. Now there is a bristling truce between the factions. More devotion than ever is lavished on the 30 or so remaining cars which still zip up and down the hills.

To the save-the-cable-car forces, the demise of any cable line, however unprofitable it may be, is the occasion for unrestrained lamentation. In 1956, the scrapping of the Washington-Jackson line precipitated a day of mourning by buffs. The passengers draped the last dinky in black crepe, mounted a lavish funeral wreath on the feeble headlight, and donned black dresses and black arm bands.



God's Gift of Corn

It helped build America's first civilization; soon it may help solve the "population explosion"

By Webb Garrison

ST. VINCENT de Paul parish near Shelbyville, Ind., isn't well known in religious circles. But it is world famous among farmers and plant scientists. For among its parishioners are two families who, between them, have won nearly one third of all world championships for raising show corn.

Not far south of Indianapolis, the region has rich loamy soil and weather ideal for corn. For many of its folk, farming is a way of life followed with almost religious devotion. More than any other factor, this explains why a tiny area of two square miles has consistently yielded the world's finest corn.

Peter J. Lux won the championship in 1919, the first year it was awarded. Before his death he

captured three more trophies. His brother Ed and nephews Frank and Maurice have won the world title once each. Neighbor and fellow-parishioner Charles N. Fischer has won four times.

Their recent victories have been gained with hybrid corn, a food so fantastic that it makes obsolete all estimates of the number of persons our planet can feed.

In the brief time since Columbus introduced Indian corn to Europeans it has become one of the four most important crops in the world. No other source of food is so responsive to change at the hand of man. Agricultural revolutions already well advanced in North America and gaining speed on other continents suggest that global production could be

doubled soon. That would mean an annual yield of about 10 billion bushels—enough calories to more than offset effects of our “population explosion.”

Rice, wheat, barley, rye, oats, sorghums, and millets are alike in bearing flowers whose male and female parts occur in a single flower. Corn is different: the male flowering organ, the tassel, is some distance from the female, the ear.

Each tassel produces huge numbers of pollen grains—typically, about 15 million. They are transferred from plant to plant by gravity, wind, and insects. Female flowers in an ear develop in 800 or so pairs arranged about a central spike, or cob. Heavy husks cover these tiny organs so tightly that pollen grains have little chance of sifting through. Yet each flower must be fertilized separately.

Nature solves the problem by providing each flower with a tender threadlike silk that grows past ends of husks. Each minute silk has a hairy, sticky end that is just right for catching a grain of pollen.

Under favorable conditions, a pollen grain germinates within two hours after falling upon a strand of corn silk. Once established, it literally grows its way downward through the corn silk. Growing as rapidly as half an inch an hour at the forward end, it is continually dying at the

stern. Experts think that less than an inch of the pollen tube is actually alive at any time, yet the distance it travels to the female flower may be 15 inches or more.

Corn differs from all other cereals in productivity, for a single healthy plant yields enough grain to feed a man for a day. This makes each plant important enough to be treated as an individual, and each ear worth examination. Very early, farmers learned that they should select their seed from among the ears that they valued because of size, color, or shape.

Experiments in scientific breeding of corn began in Tennessee just after the Civil War. There farmers learned to emasculate weak stalks by cutting off their tassels. This meant that only vigorous plants produced male cells; as a result, sturdier seed corn was grown.

Because its fertilization is so easily controlled, biologists chose corn as the ideal plant with which to study problems of heredity. Strictly out of academic curiosity, G. H. Shull experimented with inbreeding, fertilizing ears with pollen from the same plant. Most resulting seed yielded scrawny offspring. Strangely, though, the inbreeding did produce varieties whose traits were stabilized and uniform. Cross-fertilized field varieties are highly variable.

Still concerned largely with

plant genetics rather than with practical problems of food production, Shull next crossed one inbred strain with another. The result was hybrid corn.

Breeders of animals had long known that when unrelated strains are crossed, some offspring show special vigor. Many kinds of hybrid corn proved commercially worthless, but others raised production 35% over previous levels. Applied to agriculture in general, the corn-based principle of hybridization promises to boost yields of many crops.

Long before hybrid forms were developed, corn was recognized as our most valuable legacy from the New World's past. Early explorers found Indian corn growing everywhere they went, from Canada to the southern tip of South America.

We are accustomed to thinking of the forest as symbolic of Indian life, but the cornfield is more appropriate. Tribesmen as far north as Massachusetts planted fields of 500 acres, and in Mexico the royal household alone required 2 million bushels a year.

Growing evidence suggests that a primitive variety of corn grew wild before the first humans reached the New World. Borings beneath Mexico City have brought up fossilized pollen from a depth of 200 feet. Though deposited an estimated 60,000 years ago, their structure is that of corn itself and not some related grass.

Earliest settlers in South America probably learned to gather this unique cereal, and depended upon wild forms for centuries. By the time tribesmen began to plant seeds and cultivate crops, they were familiar with kinds of corn whose ears produced 50 or more grains. Even though such an ear was little larger than a big blackberry, it far surpassed any other New World product in its capacity to nurture man.

Many native names for corn meant something like "the plant that sustains us." To a degree unmatched by any known example, early Americans and corn became mutually dependent. All the great civilizations of South America and most of the advanced cultures of North America were based upon the cultivation of corn. In turn, corn became totally dependent upon men for its preparation.

Marvelous as it is from the perspective of hungry men, an ear of corn is helpless as an agent for guaranteeing new generations. Left to hang on the stalk, most ears are quickly eaten by animals, birds, or insects. If it happens to survive this danger and falls to the ground, an ear yields so many dozens of seedlings clustered so closely together that none can develop. Scattered individual grains, falling to the ground, must be kept dry in order to pass through the winter without rotting. How so defense-

less a seed package ever took form is a biological riddle.

Peoples of the New World regarded the plant as a gift from heaven. Without it they would have been unable to develop their cities and temples that once rivaled those of Egypt and China. For unlike Europe, Africa, and Asia, neither North nor South America had any kind of animal big enough to use in plowing and tractable enough to be domesticated. Human labor was the only source of energy for farming.

Luckily, corn is the world's only major grain that lends itself to hand cultivation. Indians, who had no horses or oxen or water buffalo to break the soil for other grains, learned to dig little holes and drop grains of corn into them. No other cultivation was attempted. Even so, the marvelous grain yielded enough food to give men leisure and permit increasingly complex cultures.

Early Aztecs considered themselves supermen by comparison with nomads who depended upon hunting, and sneered at them as mere "suckers of blood." To secure water for their cornfields deep in the Andes, Incas of Peru built some of the engineering marvels of ancient times. They bridged rivers, tunneled through mountains, and built aqueducts that took water hundreds of miles to irrigate desert regions.

With corn dependent upon man for cultivation and man depend-

ent upon corn for food, crop failure meant disaster.

In the 9th year of the reign of the first Montezuma, about 1400 A.D., the lake region about Mexico City was flooded. Two years of midsummer frost and a year of drought followed. By then, most seed corn had been eaten. A poor season the next year drove those people who did not starve to eat wild plants. Some moved to regions where they could get 400 or 500 ears of corn in exchange for a child.

Though advances in agriculture and technology have reduced the likelihood of crop failure, modern civilization is almost as dependent upon corn as was Old Mexico.

Starch, made from corn meal, is basic to textile, paper, brewing, and electrical industries. Many kinds of cleaning compounds, plywood, soap, adhesives, and synthetic fibers require corn as a raw material. Ground cobs are used to polish metals, insulate homes, and in manufacturing phonograph records. Corn oil goes into soaps, paints, varnishes, and rubber substitutes.

Take the New World cereal out of our civilization, and life would be altered for most of the people on earth. Though no scientist can account for its strange properties and complete dependence upon the humans who so greatly need it, any man can thank our Creator for corn.

Day of Parting With Alice

*Her devoted parents came
to an agonizing decision*

By Paul A. Stauder, S.J.

A PRIEST IN a big parish runs into a lot of problems. Some of them he can handle right off. But others, especially when the human heart is involved, aren't so easy.

Mr. and Mrs. Rutland are two of my finest parishioners. They have a daughter named Alice, who is the apple of their eye. Of mine, too. She's a sweet child with a pleasant disposition and a winning manner. Alice is 33 years old now.

Child, did I say? Yes, that's right, for Alice is a mongoloid. She has spent the last six years in a hospital for chronic patients. That's OK with Alice; she is, as she says, "satisfied." Her father, too, has taken the separation in

stride, bowing to the inevitable. But her mother—well, I'd better not get ahead of my story.

Those 33 years since Alice's birth have been years of sacrifice for Mr. and Mrs. Rutland. Transforming years, too. There's nothing like a handicapped child to bring out all that's best in the parents. Alice's physical care alone has been an absorbing task. In many ways she has to be cared for like a small child. Indeed, despite her age, she still *looks* like a child: she's short, on the stout side, and has unusually small hands and feet.

For years when Alice was younger, her mother would spend hours trying to teach her the simple skills that other children learn so readily to the delight of their parents and doting uncles and aunts. All to no avail.

When the question of Alice's receiving Holy Communion came up, I had to decide against it. Really, it wasn't a decision at all, for it was plain to everyone that even the simplest distinction between the Bread of Angels and ordinary bread was too much for her little mind. But it was another disappointment for her parents, even though they knew that in her case Baptism alone guaranteed her an eventual passport into the immediate presence of God.

There were moments of embarrassment, too, that the Rut-

lands had to learn to accept. Americans for the most part show great understanding for the handicapped. But there are exceptions. Like the time Mrs. Rutland and Alice were on the bus.

Sitting opposite them was a young woman whose overdone make-up and loud gum chewing set her off as a type. You needed only one glance at the small boy beside her to feel sure he was a brat. He was devouring a comic book. He happened to look up, and noticed Alice. "Hey, Dizzy, look at *her*!" he said.

"Uh-huh," said Dizzy, skipping a beat with the gum.

"Is she crazy?" went on Junior.

"I guess so," Dizzy replied with a shrug.

"How'd she get that way?"

Dizzy parked her gum between her teeth and her cheek. Then, remembering something she had read in the Sunday supplement, she said, "Well, some people have too many kids, and that's the chance they take."

"Are you and pop going to have any more kids?" asked Junior apprehensively.

"Oh, shut up and read your book," said Dizzy, and went back to her gum.

Fortunately, Alice's parents retained their sense of humor. And, in her own way, Alice had one too. She had a hearty laugh and she was always chattering. If she happened to say something funny

that made you laugh, she'd play the gallery for all it was worth.

Wherever she got the idea nobody knows, but one day at dinner Alice asked if she could have some more of that nice horse meat. There was a moment of dead silence, followed by a roar of laughter. And after that everything was horsey with Alice. She ate horse bread and horse potatoes, drank horse milk, took a horse nap. One day she saw a picture of two kittens on the cover of a magazine, pointed to them, and said, "Horse cats." We all laughed with her, but somehow I never got quite used to it.

She'd come up with the most unusual combinations, and at the most unexpected times. I'll never forget the first time I heard her say, "Here comes the horse priest!"

THEN THERE WAS the time Alice's parents were locked out of their home. When Mr. Rutland told me about it, he could laugh over the incident, but I don't think he found it so funny when it happened. He and his wife had gone to early Mass, as they frequently did, leaving Alice still asleep. When they came home they discovered that neither had a key. The front door was locked, the back door open, but the screen door was latched from the inside.

They rang the bell several times without much hope that

Alice would get out of bed and let them in. She didn't. They couldn't recall that Alice had ever answered the bell, except once when Mrs. Rutland came downstairs to find her saying to the grocer's delivery boy, "We're Catholics; we don't want any."

They went to the back door, and tried calling to Alice. No response. Mr. Rutland got a ladder from the garage and climbed to the high window of Alice's bedroom. She was wide awake, but just lay there looking at him. All his pleading made no impression.

Mrs. Rutland climbed the ladder. But Alice wouldn't budge out of her comfortable bed. Finally her father cut a hole in the screen door and released the latch. You could never be angry with Alice, because of course she wasn't responsible; but you could get mighty exasperated!

As the years went on, and Alice's parents advanced in age, I often wondered what would happen when they could no longer care for her. They had only two other children, both sons and older than Alice. One was married and had his own growing family. The other was away studying for the priesthood. These good parents were so devoted to Alice, and had given her their love so long and so lavishly, that I knew if anything should happen to upset the pattern of their lives the adjustment would be most difficult.

That made me wonder, too, if it

might not be better all around to have put Alice in a home for such children long ago, before the kind of explosive, emotional situation I feared could develop. Or even now, before it could explode. I knew that the family doctor had suggested this when Alice was just a little girl. So I veered around to the subject one day in conversation with Mrs. Rutland.

SHE FROZE. And the look I got was one I'll not soon forget. She told me in no uncertain terms that Alice was her baby. Nobody else could love her and do for her the way she did. She had thought the thing out carefully, she said, and had discussed it with her husband. No sacrifice she had made or would have to make could be great enough to make her send Alice away. She'd care for her as long as she could walk! And after that, as long as she could crawl! And that was that!

There were, of course, several arguments I could have brought up. But how could you to a mother like that? I'd never seen her so vehement before. And, truth to tell, I wasn't so sure myself, at that time. This woman had been an ideal Christian mother before Alice was born; and since then I'd seen her character and that of her husband so ennobled by their sacrifice that who was I to say what they ought to do?

Naturally, the greater burden of Alice's care fell upon her moth-

er. When Mrs. Rutland began to approach her 70th year, Alice's intermittent insomnia got worse. I first became aware of the change at the Communion rail, where I saw with increasing frequency how drawn and tired Mrs. Rutland's face looked, and the dark circles under her eyes. Then her husband told me what was going on.

For the past year, he said, on many a night Alice would lie awake till two, three, or even four o'clock in the morning, chattering the whole time, and often repeating the same phrase over and over for hours. Mr. Rutland was a sound sleeper himself, and he could usually sleep through it. But Mrs. Rutland never slept until Alice had finally dropped off.

Alice would then sleep till 10 or 11 in the morning; but her mother, with her lifelong habit of rising early to care for her family, was always awake again at five or six o'clock. That meant she often got only a couple of hours' sleep and sometimes none. If she tried to nap in the afternoon, Alice's constant talking would keep her awake. She'd had a minor stroke some years before; her blood pressure was high, her heart damaged; and she had arthritis.

Some sleeping tablets prescribed by the doctor helped Alice for a while. But then their effectiveness wore off, and she grew restless again. The situation went on for two or three years. Towards

the end of that time, there was many a night when Alice and her parents got no sleep at all. How would it end?

The crisis was not long in coming. One day Mr. Rutland phoned to ask if I could come over. His voice sounded weary, and yet there was a note of excitement in it, too.

When I arrived Mrs. Rutland seemed almost completely exhausted. She managed a faint smile of greeting, and I marveled at the endurance love can inspire. Mr. Rutland, too, looked unutterably weary. Alice was saying over and over, "I don't like *Sunday!*" But she stopped long enough to say, "Hello, Mr. Priest!" and then went right on, "I don't like *Sunday!*" Mr. Rutland told me that for three days and three nights none of them had had any sleep.

The elder Rutland son was there when I arrived. Shortly after, the second son, now a priest for some five or six years, came in. He had been out of the city for some months. When she saw him, Mrs. Rutland's face lighted up in spite of her weariness. She rose to greet him, sobbing, "Oh, Mark, son, I'm so glad you're back!"

The young priest took her in his arms, and kissed her tenderly. Tears welled in his eyes as he saw what those sleepless days and nights had done.

Then Mrs. Rutland broke down. Her body shook as her son

held her in his strong young arms, and with the tears streaming down her cheeks she cried brokenly, "Mark, what am I going to do? I can't let Alice go away. But how can I care for her if I can't sleep?"

I don't think I'll ever forget that scene. I hope I never see one like it again.

Father Mark comforted his mother as best he could. Meanwhile, Alice kept walking in and out of the room repeating her routine, "I don't like *Sunday*; I don't like *Sunday*. Why not, honey? Be quiet, now, Alice. She talks too much; she says she doesn't like *Sunday*. Be a good girl, Alice. I don't like *Sunday*."

Finally Mr. Rutland spoke up, partly to himself, partly to me, and partly to all of us. "This situation just can't go on any longer. She's been talking that way for three days and three nights. We've got to get her to a place where she can be calmed and get some sleep—so my wife and I can get some rest, too."

WE DISCUSSED the problem, then, while Mrs. Rutland listened dumbly, trying to reconcile herself to the separation she now knew must come. It was obvious to all of us that because of her advanced age and infirmities she could no longer care for Alice at home. She had done all that was humanly (even heroically) possible. But this was the end.

We decided to try to get Alice into the local Catholic sanatorium temporarily (they don't take chronic and incurable patients). Later we could find a permanent home for her where she could get the care she needed. A parishioner of mine, a psychiatrist on the staff of the sanatorium, made the arrangements with the wonderful Daughters of Charity, and Alice was received the same day. That night Mr. and Mrs. Rutland slept from sheer exhaustion. So did Alice.

There is no Catholic home in our state for people like Alice. Indeed, there are few in the country. Those we considered all had long waiting lists. And they were too far away. Mrs. Rutland begged and prayed that we find a place near enough for her to visit Alice. Finally, a business associate of Alice's older brother suggested the state hospital about 70 miles from the city. The superintendent, he said, was an exemplary Catholic, an excellent doctor, and a good friend of his. He would arrange an interview.

The Rutlands drove to the hospital with its many buildings spread over several hundred acres. They met the superintendent, and were greatly impressed by his sympathetic understanding of their problem. They marveled at the cleanliness of the wards. Truly they were a tribute to this man, since funds for such institutions are notoriously short.

They were relieved when the doctor told them that Alice could be admitted as soon as the necessary details were arranged (and heartbroken now that the dreaded step had been taken).

A few days later Alice was brought home from the sanatorium. There, in spite of her constant talking, she had won her way into the hearts of the Sisters and nurses.

That night she slept at home (for a few hours) for the last time. The next day her parents and her two brothers took her to her new home. Father Mark Rutland told me about it later. Alice did most of the talking on the way, still insisting that she didn't like *Sunday*, and telling herself to be a good girl and not to talk so much. The rest of the family didn't have much to say. Mrs. Rutland, whose constant prayer had been that she outlive her daughter, was praying quietly for strength to accept God's will.

Unfortunately the superintendent was away that day, and the matron who received Alice at the clinic was businesslike and brisk. When she and Alice disappeared in an elevator, Mrs. Rutland's pent-up emotions spilled over in a flood of tears. Father Mark led her to the car, choking back his own feelings.

Alice was not permitted to have visitors for two weeks, to allow for acclimatization. Only two weeks: but what an eternity

for her mother! Her imagination went round and round. What was Alice doing now? Were the attendants kind to her? Was she sleeping at night, or was she lying awake all alone in a little room talking to herself and crying her heart out with loneliness?

Well, the two weeks did pass. Mrs. Rutland was in a fever of excitement. She was happy that she could see Alice, yet fearful of what she might find.

But Alice was fine. The Rutlands met the attendants who were caring for Alice, and found them kind and competent. Alice hadn't slept well at first but now she was getting used to her new surroundings and the regular hours and doing much better. They were all fond of her. A couple of the other patients, rather elderly ladies, had taken a great liking to her.

Alice had always liked to ride in the auto, so the Rutlands took her for a drive in the beautiful countryside. She enjoyed the ride very much, chattering away as usual on her current line. But when they returned to the hospital, she refused at first to leave the car.

That was nothing new. She had done that often at home when she felt the ride hadn't been long enough. Now a bribe of ice cream brought her out willingly enough.

When the time came to leave, Alice permitted her mother to

kiss her on the cheek. But she didn't bother about saying good-by.

THAT'S THE WAY it has been these last six years. Every two weeks the Rutlands drive to the hospital to see Alice. When the attendant brings her out of the ward she goes to her parents talking about whatever her topic of the week happens to be, accepting their presence just as if there had been no separation. She enjoys their company and the ride, and when they return to the hospital, she never refuses to get out of the car any more, but goes right back inside without complaint. She lets her mother kiss her cheek, and goes into the ward without ever saying good-by or giving any sign that she misses her home.

And yet that indifferent attitude of Alice's is the very thing that saves the situation. Even though it hurts, Mrs. Rutland has told me she thanks God for it. "If it weren't for that," she says, "if she weren't content, I just couldn't take it."

Knowing Mrs. Rutland, I know that if it came to that, she could

and would take that, too. But I thank God she doesn't have to.

At no time in her life has Alice complained about anything, nor does she ever express gratitude. She doesn't have the capacity for either.

So I've come to a conclusion about children like Alice. Circumstances are always so different that you can't make any general rules. Is it better to keep them at home, or put them in an institution when they are still young, before the parents' bond of attachment grows too strong? But when is that? That bond is steel almost from the first.

But I'm convinced that when the decision has to be made, whether it be early or late, parents need have no qualms about putting such children in a place where they will receive the benefits of institutional care. It's the parents, and especially the mother, who suffer far more than the child. And I think needlessly, though I suppose that can't be helped.

If they consider the story of Alice Rutland, they can perhaps at least lessen the terrible pain in their hearts.



THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING

"A hundred years ago," the teacher was saying, "there were no radios, no airplanes, no cars, no buses, no movies, no television. Can you think of anything else of importance which did not exist in the last century?"

"Me," replied George, hitherto the slowest boy in the class.

S. J. Gudge.



New York's *Floating High School*

By Harold B. Jacobson

*Condensed from the "PTA Magazine"**

Every school day, more than 400 boys run up the gangplank at Pier 73 in New York City's East river. They carry schoolbooks, but look so happy you'd think they were playing hooky.

But they're not. Actually, these boys are running to school—aboard the S.S. *John W. Brown*, only floating high school in the world.

The *Brown*, a 10,000-ton for-

*700 N. Rush St., Chicago 11, Ill. January, 1960, ©1960, and reprinted with permission.

mer Liberty ship, was turned over to the city by the U.S. Maritime commission 12 years ago. Since then, more than 5,000 boys have graduated from her classrooms. Most of them now serve in the merchant marine or the armed forces.

Schoolship cadets learn to do everything aboard the *Brown* from navigating and plugging a boiler leak to broiling steak.

"Studies are divided into three categories," explains sandy-haired Joe Schellings, senior officer, "deck, engine, and stewards, corresponding to the three departments found aboard most ships."

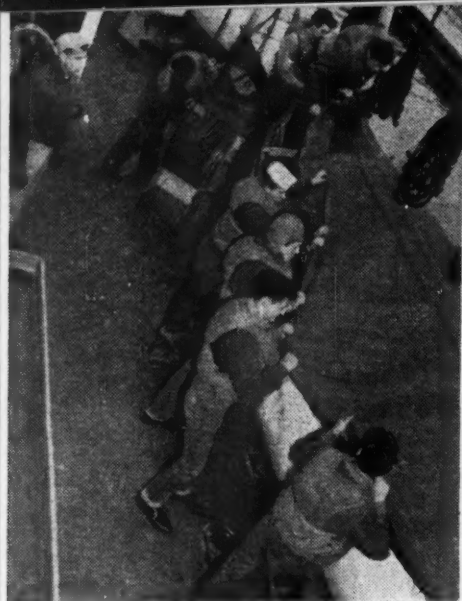
School starts at one bell (8:30 A.M.), when cadets assemble on deck for flag raising and roll call. On clear days, teen-age tars of the deck crew stay outside, heaving away on guy lines; scraping and painting the hull; taking bearings on New York's skyline; or straining at the oars in a life-boat drill. Up in the wheel room, others are learning to navigate, operate radar, or read the gyroscopic compass. On rainy days, they pile into the No. 1 hold for skull sessions in such subjects as deck plans or world trade routes.

Meanwhile, members of the "black gang" down in the engine room are learning what makes a ship go. They serve as oilers, firemen, and wipers, and run the engines.

When repairs are needed, they turn out parts in the machine shop and do the pipe-fitting



Background skyscrapers hint height as boys learn how to climb the mast.



An important lesson: how to launch the lifeboats swiftly.



Stewards-to-be master the art of keeping shipmates well fed.

themselves. Like old-timers, they can "feel" when bearings are hot, and know instantly where to apply oil can and grease gun. The *Brown* supplies its own electricity, and engineer cadets are responsible for the big generators and electrical network.

Seven bells (11:30 A.M.) is mess call and time for stewards to serve the noon meal. Although meals on most ships are prepared by a chief cook, cadets have to learn the culinary art as part of their over-all duties.

At six bells (3 P.M.) the day's tour of duty ends. The boys leave ship and are on liberty until the next morning.

Cadets must also pass regular high-school subjects such as history, mathematics, English. For

these, they attend classes in Manhattan's Metropolitan Vocational High school every other week. They also take additional maritime courses there. For example, in Boatbuilding, they actually build sailboats from their own designs and blueprints. Steward specialists take courses in ship's business papers, maritime law, and bookkeeping. Engineers are taught marine drafting and radio telegraphy.

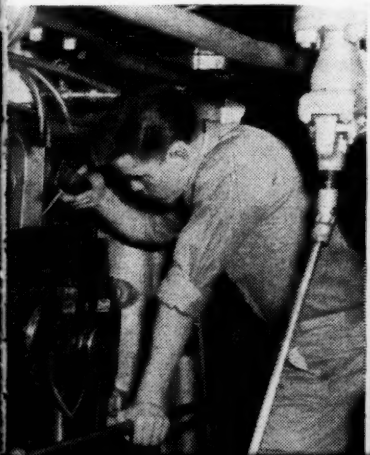
It's not all work on the *Brown*. Boys get time to play basketball and ping-pong down in the No. 2 hold; the less active can drum up a chess game, or relax with a book from the ship's library. A 34-foot Coast Guard picket boat is also tied up at the pier for use of Sea Scouts among the crew.



New deck hand is taught basic seamanship—how to coil a line.



Down in the engine room (left) a novice masters oiling tasks.



Cadets serve a three-year hitch. The 1st-year plebes come from junior high and spend most of their time getting acquainted with the ship and gaining their sea legs. In the 2nd and 3rd years, the young salts specialize in one of the three departments.

Unlike other high-schoolers, all *Brown* applicants must take a thorough physical examination. Twenty-twenty vision is a must, and no boy who is color blind is accepted. Each must also be in good physical health and pass a series of aptitude tests.

Despite these strict requirements, almost 800 boys become eligible each year: just about twice the number the *Brown* can accommodate. Why do so many boys want to go to sea? Adventure on the high seas has lured American youth since the days of whalers and clipper ships, but today the big reason is security.

Ship maintenance lesson (below) emphasizes keeping the paint fit.



Brown graduates have little trouble shipping out as ordinary seamen on American ships, with a minimum pay of \$380 a month. This is equivalent to \$500 in shore pay, since meals, board, medical care, and pensions are free. This is the lowest rung on the merchant marine's ladder. There are substantial increases and benefits as they advance to able seaman and into the officer class. In addition, every seaman gets a month's vacation with pay.

Each of the 11 instructors aboard the *Brown* holds a master's license and a New York Teacher's college certificate. During summer vacation, some of them take a sailor's holiday and ship out as officers. Many cadets have the same idea.

"Trouble is," Captain Schellings reports, "one of the chief reasons for these boys being here is that they want to travel—and spring weather makes the urge stronger. We try to impress them with the wisdom of completing their course before signing on, but once in a while we lose a couple of students who can't wait."

However, most of the boys who ship out for the summer do return to school. They receive from the ship's captain a rating which becomes part of the official school record, and they keep a daily log of the voyage while at sea.

The *Brown's* 5,000 graduates almost didn't get their chance. After distinguished service as a troopship in the South Pacific (there are still gun turrets up aft), the ship was destined for the moth-ball fleet. A handful of maritime leaders had quite different ideas.

Adm. Ed. G. (Iceberg) Smith of the Coast Guard, Commodore Robert Lee of the Moore McCormack lines, and Joe Curran of the National Maritime union wanted the *Brown* used as a maritime high school.

"It was the safety angle that kept some people from supporting the idea at first," Captain Schellings recalls. "But with the help of the maritime industry, we managed to get ourselves over this hurdle."

Safety equipment is inspected regularly and fire-station signs are all over the ship. Cadets are constantly alerted by fire and boat drills. "Shipping companies send us case histories of accidents at sea," Schellings adds, "and point out for us both the right and wrong things that were done."

The fate of the *Brown* was again threatened when some desk mariners at the Board of Education figured out that she was no longer safe because she had not been in dry dock for 12 years.

They estimated that it would cost \$300,000 for repairs, and

school authorities were all set to scrap the ship.

Again the maritime industry came to the rescue. Capt. Hewlett R. Bishop, Atlantic-coast director of the Maritime commission, arranged for a complete survey of the ship. His report: the *Brown* had been kept in such good repair by the cadets that only routine dry-dock repair was needed, at a fraction of the estimated cost.

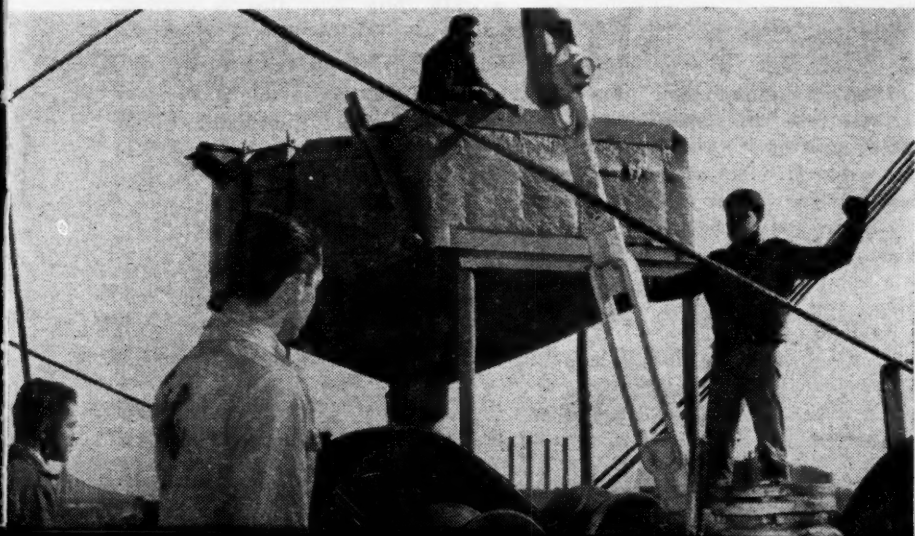
According to a recent survey, over 90% of *Brown* graduates continue in seafaring. Of these, about 10% go into the armed forces and 25% continue their studies at New York's Maritime college at Fort Schuyler, at the U.S. Maritime college at Kings Point, Long Island, or at the Maine Maritime college, in Cas-

tine, Me. After four years at one of these schools, students are qualified as ensigns in the U. S. Naval Reserve, receive licenses as 3rd mates, and B.S. degrees.

Three *Brown* boys followed a higher calling and did not go to sea after graduation. Henry Torres was accepted by the Brothers of Good Mercy; John McGinn and Joseph Cavallero became Franciscan Brothers. Three years ago, Captain Schellings helped organize the *Brown's* Newman club, which currently has more than 40 active members.

New York City has channeled the spirit of adventure into a unique educational project. But to thousands of young city boys, the *John W. Brown* is more than a school; it is a first step towards a new way of life.

Operating a winch is just one more task for young salts to perfect in their unique maritime classes.



Fiction

The Ladies of Soissons

By Sidney Cunliffe-Owen
*Condensed from the book**

Concluding the rollicking
tale of a completely
legendary Order of nuns

When James II, the last Catholic King of England, was deposed, and forced to seek asylum in France, a small English Community of Benedictine nuns decided to share his exile.

They were kindly received by King Louis XIV, who in return for their prayers raised their priory to the status of an abbey and their mother superior to the rank of mitred abbess. He also established them in a convent at Soissons, where they flourished with but one interruption (the French Revolution) for more than 250 years. Then in 1940 Hitler's war caused them to go back to England.

Their return was in no way trium-



phant. The Community, now wholly French, found English food and English ways repugnant. The local archbishop came to their rescue with the offer of an estate in Ireland, and the mother superior, with some misgiving, prepared for the move.

THEY HAD A smooth crossing. As the big ship moved quietly through the still night, the abbess looked out of her porthole. A path of moonlight shone over a calm and empty sea. The abbess experienced once again the sensation of being suspended between two worlds. She felt also a chilling sensation in her bones that she was old. This chateau in Ireland, suitable though it might be, was in truth exile, banishment. It was to keep her out of mischief that they had been sent to Ireland. She knelt and prayed for a long time. "O God, help me to bear the onset of old age, and take me soon unto Yourself."

She found her nuns in good spirits the next morning, for they

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had had a comfortable passage. They all came up on deck early and sat about in the dawn saying their Office and gazing out over the beauty of Dublin bay and the Wicklow mountains beyond.

At North Wall they found that a four-hour train journey lay before them. The train passed at first through lush meadows full of grazing cows, and their spirits rose. They were given an excellent breakfast in the restaurant car. But then, after Athenry, the train began to crawl across miles of desolate bog, and their spirits fell.

At Galway they were met by an ebullient, elderly woman, who declared herself to be a sculptor and a Catholic convert and a cousin of the prime minister. This lady, with some helpers, provided them with cups of tea. They were very kind, though the abbess did not believe their pretensions. Why would a cousin of the great Churchill live in this outlandish place?

"Is that our chateau?" inquired the abbess, pointing to the buildings of Galway university. She received a shock when informed that they had a drive of 50 miles before them in a bus.

"But why could we not continue by train?" inquired the abbess, and was horrified to discover that Lingmoor abbey was 50 miles from a railway station.

But the bus was a fine one,

with seats that stayed upright or lolled back at the press of a button. It rolled away across a landscape of small rocky fields. They passed through Cong, and then along the sad shores of Lough Corrib. On the left, in the distance, rose the Seven Pins of Connemara, a dark blue line along the horizon. On the right they caught occasional fjordlike glimpses of the sea. There were few houses or villages, and no towns. They went on and on and the dusk began to gather. The abbess and her nuns shivered. Where were they being taken?

Some of the nuns began to weep from exhaustion and fear of the unknown. One and all would rather have been under heavy shellfire in a country familiar to them. The abbess tried to comfort them. *'Allons, mes enfants, on va bientôt arriver.'* But she was near tears herself.

At long last, just as it got dark, they saw a large building off to the right. It was a blaze of light from attic to basement. As the bus turned into the drive, the true proportions of the vast mansion could be seen, in its setting of splendid trees, their tops outlined against the night sky, and the lake reflecting the lights from the house.

The abbess was conscious of a sudden surge of pride. It was a fine dwelling, finer, though she did not yet admit it, than the convent at Soissons. She compos-

ed herself to make a dignified entry. As the bus drew up, she saw a welcoming crowd of about 200 people. She descended first from the bus, stately (though she had a cramp in her left leg), gracious, a smile on her handsome old face, her hand outstretched for those to kiss who felt so inclined, which few did, as mitred abbesses were unknown in Ireland.

Still, there was no mistaking the warmth of their welcome. An amiable priest, who announced himself as their chaplain, escorted them into the house. The abbess demanded to be taken first of all to the chapel. When her nuns had all followed her in, they sang, in the lovely Benedictine chant, a *Te Deum* of thanksgiving for their safe arrival.

Then the chaplain escorted them to the dining room, where supper awaited them. As she entered the room, the abbess gave a shout of incredulous joy, for there, all round the walls, were the portraits of her ten predecessors!

"*Mais comment est-il possible!*" she exclaimed. The priest explained that the archbishop had arranged with the authorities in France to have them transported to Ireland in time to greet her on her arrival.

"*Ce bon pretre!*" she said, as she walked slowly round the room. Yes, there they all were: Abbess Anne, Abbess Zoe, Abbess Clementine, Abbess Dieu-

donnee, Abbess Clare, Abbess Marie-Jeanne, Abbess Jeanne, Abbess Alexandrine, Abbess Elizabeth, Abbess Leonie, and herself. Who would be the 12th?

The next day she inspected the property: the house from top to bottom in the morning, the outdoors in the afternoon. She was well satisfied with all she saw, and only wished that the whole thing could be transported to France.

"There is one rather unfortunate fact of which I must inform you, madame," said the agent, who was showing her round. "The property is not insured against fire or theft, the reason being that it is so far away from the nearest police station—ten miles—or fire station—50 miles."

"*Ca n'a pas d'importance,*" declared the abbess loftily. She unpacked the statue of our Lady which she carried everywhere with her, and taking it to the chapel, she installed it on the Blessed Virgin's altar. Then looking at it severely she wagged an admonitory finger. "*C'est a vous, Madame,*" she said. "*Vous serez notre assurance, hein?*"

THE DAY OF the Abbess Catherine's jubilee was approaching. Fifty years an abbess! In some ways it seemed so long; in others so short. So short in that the daily rhythm of prayer and work and the chanting of the Divine Office in choir continued day

after day and the days merged quickly into one another, and so the years flew by. Long, in that this rhythm had often been interrupted with wars and fights and journeys, ending in exile, which made the time seem to have been long indeed.

Great preparations were being made to celebrate the abbess' jubilee. She was supposed to know nothing about them, they were to be a great surprise, but, of course, she knew everything. She always did. It made her sad, and she felt guilty because here were all these people striving to make her jubilee a success, and she still could not love them.

No, after ten years among them, she could not love the Irish. She had tried. She prayed for them and to be granted the grace to love them, but it was no good. She could not take to their sad-looking country, their weeping climate, their remoteness, their curious, happy-go-lucky religion, which was so weak on rubrics and ritual and ignored everything the Pope said.

Really, in some ways they were so impossibly childish that it was hard to be patient with them! No sense of logic at all, and the most absurd ideas. (The abbess had never heard of the Blarney stone.) For instance, her chaplain, Father O'Mahoney, professed to believe in "the Little People."

"Not to be confused with

fairies," he said. "Fairies are immortal spirits, maybe good, maybe evil, but the Little People are mortal. They are the residue of the original Irish, who were driven farther and farther west by Danish and Anglo-Saxon invaders, and had to take refuge in underground forts, which have degenerated into what tourists call fairy mounds. They are related to the beehive hut, of course."

"Then why, if these creatures are mortal," said the abbess, "do you not preach the Gospel to them, as is your bounden duty? Do you mean to tell me that for 2,000 years you have allowed this pagan race to live side by side with you and done nothing about it?"

"They are incurably pagan," said the chaplain. "Contumacious, or invincibly ignorant—incapable by nature of appreciating the Gospel."

"But this is nonsense! If they are mortal, they are men, and Christ died for all men, as you very well know."

"But how can we get at them? They live underground."

"Smoke them out. And when they come out, turn them across your knee and spank them! That is what I would do!"

"Why don't you then? There are plenty of them on the property."

"Nonsense. I don't believe it."

"Why, one of your own nuns,

Sister Brigit O'Shaugnessy, puts out a bottle of milk for them every night, and it is always gone in the morning."

"I know she does. I told her she ought to go to Confession for aiding and abetting such pagan customs, but as you are her confessor, it would not do much good! Of course, the bottle of milk is gone in the morning. Some tramp takes it, or perhaps Brigit herself comes out and goes behind a tree and drinks it."

"Oh, no, Brigit wouldn't do that. She is a very honest girl. Why, your protegee, Eileen O'Mara, whom you told me you hoped would become abbess one day, is a great friend of the Little People. She sees them scampering about all over the place near her home.

"Now I'll tell you something, abbess. I was fishing one of the loughs near Clifden one time. I was sitting on a little mound, and my rod lay on the ground beside me. I had just attached a new fly to it, and I was filling my pipe. Out from under the mound comes one of the Little People, dressed in green doublet and hose as in the Middle Ages (for they have no opportunity to see fashion displays any more than you nuns have, and they dress in the same period), and whips the fly off my line, sticks it in his hat, gives a shrill laugh, and is off into his burrow before I can catch him."

"I don't believe a word of it," said the abbess, "and if it is true, I am all the more glad to be leaving Ireland."

"I have heard there are Little People in Brittany."

"There may be. I am not going to Brittany, which is almost as uncivilized as Ireland."

"But what is this about your leaving Ireland, abbess?"

"*Ah, mon dieu*, I did not mean to mention it so soon. Keep it, I beg you—how you say?—under your hat. I shall announce it at the banquet that is so kindly being given for me."

AT THE BANQUET, the abbess felt most uncomfortable. The whole neighborhood, including the chief of police, the doctor, the lawyer, all the leading farmers, was there. Everyone had brought a gift. There was a fireworks display on the lawn, and the boats on the lake were decorated with Chinese lanterns. The guests drank her health repeatedly and sang "for she's a jolly good fellow." There was no mistaking their warmth and affectionate sympathy.

But the abbess rose to make her speech with a feeling of guilt. Never before in her life had she said anything insincere. Yet now . . . How could she tell these people that she did not love them, that she still felt, after ten years in their midst, a most unchristian dislike of them, their cli-

mate, their customs, their superstitions, everything about them?

Instead, she had to say how happy she was to be among them, what a wonderful day her jubilee had been. (In a way it had—telegrams of congratulation pouring in from all over France, a case of champagne from the Archbishop of Rheims, an Apostolic Blessing from the Pope, conveyed personally by the nuncio in Dublin.) And yet, the mutual love and sympathy which should have been there was somehow lacking. It was in tears, not of happiness but of frustration, that she ended her speech. "And now I intend to abdicate. I shall return to France to spend my last days in my own country."

A groan of consternation passed round the table, followed by cries of protest. But the abbess, bowing to the company, rose from her seat and left the room. For the next few hours she was on her knees in the chapel, her face hidden in her hands and the tears streaming down her cheeks.

"FIRE! FIRE!" The young Abbess Eileen heard the shout through her sleep. When she finally woke up properly, the far end of her room was obscured by smoke.

She jumped out of bed, wrapped her big black cloak round her, seized her pectoral cross and ring and put them on, so that in the panic everyone would know who she was. Then, pinning on

her veil as she ran, she made for the chapel. One of the nuns had already removed the Blessed Sacrament. Father O'Mahoney soon appeared and took it from her. The nun then ran to the sacristy and rescued the cope and miter and crosier, the monstrances and reliquaries while the abbess removed the more valuable of the vestments.

She then ran to her office and dialed the fire brigades of Cong, Clifden, Galway, and Westport. But they were all a long way off, and it was obvious that none would arrive before the fire got a good hold.

The young abbess next ran to the head of the main staircase, in the part of the house reserved for guests. She could see flames coming from downstairs, where the paneling was fiercely burning.

Two of the American fishermen had taken down the portraits of the 12 abbesses and had stacked them on the lawn. Later, when Abbess Eileen discovered this, she duly thanked them but was secretly rather annoyed that they had been spared, and then annoyed with herself for being annoyed. But in her heart she thoroughly disapproved of the French connection, and one of her aims was to make the Community thoroughly Irish. Her intense admiration for Madame Catherine did not alter her opinion of Frenchwomen in general. Madame Catherine herself had

frequently shocked her. Dame Eileen had looked forward to the day when they could become simply the Irish Benedictines of Lingmoor abbey. And now Lingmoor was fiercely burning!

She remembered that one of her reforms was to have been regular fire drill. Now she realized how foolish she had been to neglect it. The guests, grappling on the lawn with hoses, had no idea how they worked. In any case, the hoses fell short of the lake by yards.

Meanwhile, the abbess counted her nuns. They were all there. So she stood and watched her beloved Lingmoor burn, and with it went her hopes. Her brain was numbed with the horror of it all. Seeing the roof cave in, and watching the pitiful attempts to fetch water from the lake, she found herself praying, "O God, why did You do this to me?"

It was three years before she found out why.

THERE WAS ONLY one thing to do: move to the hotel which the abbey owned four miles away on the seashore. Luckily the season was over and there were no guests. The ballroom became the chapel. The nuns no longer had rooms to themselves, and did not always care for sharing, complaining all the time of little things.

A Community of discontented females, even though religiously

inclined, is a fearsome thing. The young abbess quailed at the task before her, even as she sympathized. They missed the feeling of coziness and security at Lingmoor, the huge trees, the placid waters of the lakes, the sheltering hillside behind. The open Atlantic was pleasant only on a few days of the year. Moreover, they did not get the visitors nor make the money they used to. No trout or salmon fishing, no sheltered walks in bad weather.

Dame Eileen would have liked to rebuild Lingmoor, but that would cost too much. A fund had been started, but the response was meager.

"We must make a novena," the abbess told her nuns. "I cannot believe it is God's will that we should remain here, quarreling and restless. We must pray hard to know his will and where we are to go."

For three years they prayed before his will was revealed to them, and then, as is so often the case, it was not at first acceptable. His instrument was a Miss Nesta Myers.

Miss Myers was a gaunt, mysterious Englishwoman of uncertain age and considerable intelligence, who booked rooms in the late spring of 1958. She and the abbess took to one another at once.

One day they went to look at the ruins of Lingmoor. Even in its bleak and blackened state, the

interior gaping open to the sky, it looked to Dame Eileen a fine and noble building in its superb setting of lakes, woods, and gorse-covered hills.

"If only we could get it back!" she exclaimed.

"What nonsense!" replied Miss Myers. "That is not your destiny. That is not what God wants of you."

"What *does* He want then?" replied the abbess, with her gentle smile. "I only wish I knew."

"It's obvious," answered Miss Myers. "The destiny, fortune, and prosperity of this Community has always lain in France. Every excursion elsewhere has always been disastrous, both spiritually and materially. For 250 years you have been *Les Dames de Soissons*, and written a long and glorious chapter in both French and Benedictine history. Your predecessors were all French, all the mitred abbesses except yourself. You, my dear, are Madame de Soissons in exile, and no one else."

"Never! Never!" cried the abbess indignantly. "I will never go back to France. I wish to sever the French connection as soon as possible."

"Maybe, but does God want you to?"

"Why not? God has nothing against the Irish. On the contrary."

"Nor against the French, so far as I am aware. It is you who

are prejudiced against the 'Eldest Daughter of the Church,' not God."

"But what would I do in France, Nesta? Some of the older nuns would be pleased, yes. But I don't know a word of French."

"Teach English to girls of good family. Take in boarders as your predecessors did. Become fashionable."

Dame Eileen laughed. "Can you see me, the girl from the *claddagh*, becoming fashionable; the girl who never went to school, teaching English?"

"A mitred abbess, even if she were deaf and dumb, would always be an attraction to the French, and if in addition she is Irish, and very pretty, charming everyone with that soft Irish accent. . . ."

"Oh, shut up!" laughed the abbess. "You are being quite absurd."

"Not at all. I repeat, the destiny of your house is in France. I, and other teachers I can easily find, will do the teaching and the smartening up, and the nuns will give moral tone and spiritual instruction. I am going over to Paris when my stay here comes to an end, to fix things up for you provisionally, find you a house, and so on. Yours is a glorious future, my dear."

"Never! never!" cried the abbess.

"I seem to remember hearing

how you once used those same words, equally emphatically, and had to retract them later. Did you not, when Madame Catherine told you she had selected you for abbess, assure her that never, never would you accept?"

"Yes," confessed the abbess.

"Yet you did accept. And are you sorry?"

"It is a great responsibility being abbess."

"If you were suddenly relegated to the ranks by Rome and someone else made abbess in your place, would you be glad?"

"I should accept it."

"Of course you would," said Miss Myers impatiently, "in a spirit of obedience and humility and all that. But you wouldn't like it. You like being abbess because of the power it gives you. No, don't deny it! Everyone likes power. Some, like yourself, use it worthily to good ends. But you wouldn't like to have to hand over your reforming ideas to somebody else!"

"You probe too deep, Nesta. You're worse than my confessor!"

"At one time you could not imagine being abbess. Now you cannot imagine yourself as abbess in France. But you will be. God wants you to be. I want you to be. Madame Catherine wants you to be. Three very stalwart antagonists, you see!"

The abbess laughed. "If I were allowed to bet and I had any

money, I'd bet you a shilling that we'll never go back to France."

"Done, my dear," said Miss Myers, "but make it 50 francs."

DAME EILEEN STRUGGLED on at Kellerman Hall, but at last began to lose heart. She, the great reforming abbess, couldn't even keep the nuns as they were, much less reform them! They were sliding backwards, growing daily more cantankerous, and less prayerful. Feuds, bickerings, cliques, jealousies, perpetual lamentations from the French nuns (who still formed nearly half the Community), continual sneers at Ireland and the climate, countered by ripostes about the free ways of the French, were the order of the day.

And still not a sign from Miss Myers! The last summer visitor departed. The beach was swept by equinoctial gales, bringing torrents of rain. The nuns, having finished their *orare*, were unable to *laborare*, for it was impossible to go outside. The peat fire in the recreation room blew back down the chimney and covered them all in smoke. The road out to the point was under water and the tradesmen's vans could not get through. The nuns began to run short of food.

Finally the young abbess summoned three of the hardest young nuns and together the

four of them, all hooded and cloaked, with baskets on their arms, set forth to the general store at Lingmoor village. Their way took them through the grounds of Lingmoor abbey, and as they reached the shelter of the arboretum, down the long grass rides, the wind died away to a distant riffing in the tree tops and the rain dwindled to a gentle drizzle. When they reached the ruined abbey and the lakes, the water was placid, for the high hill at the back of the house protected it from the gale.

The abbess felt suddenly rebellious. Why had God permitted this beautiful place to burn? Why this unreasonable cross to bear when here she might have done great things! But she knew that she had been given four years in which to practice fire drill and had never done so. "My fault," she moaned to herself. "*Mea maxima culpa.*" There was the rock on which she had sat and planned great things and thought with pride of her predecessors, the Ladies of Soissons. Could it be God's will, after all, that they should return to France? For, indeed, Ireland had not accepted them. Nearly all their visitors were English, American, German, French. The Irish practically ignored them.

But if it were God's will that they should return to France, what about Miss Myers, without whose help Dame Eileen could

make no move? She seemed to have forgotten them.

But she had not. After a long, wet, windy winter, during which the Community became more and more surly, one balmy spring day came a telegram: "Arriving tonight with great news. Nesta."

She duly appeared, and after first kneeling before and then embracing the abbess, she proclaimed, "Marvelous news for you, my dear! It has taken a long time, and I did not want to buoy you up with false hopes, so I did not get in touch with you till I was quite sure, which I am now. I have found a beautiful abbey, a lovely old chateau with a 17th-century gem of a chapel, lovely grounds, a lake, and flower and vegetable and herb gardens.

"I have found a competent staff, and it is in the fashionable valley of the Chevreuse, just outside Paris, at Auray-sur-Seine. You will be known as the Ladies of Auray. The Metro is close by, but it is quite rural and very beautiful, best Ile de France landscape, so civilized, and you will love it. And, of course your old Abbess Catherine, whom I went to see in Paris, is delighted that you are coming back and will often come and see you. Auray is full of famous Anglophiles who wish their children to learn English."

Miss Myers stopped for breath. The young abbess sat silent, try-

ing vainly to digest this spate of information. Finally she rang her bell. "Bring me some tea," she said. "Hot, strong, and sweet!" and to Nesta, "If I don't have some, I shall faint!"

IN MAY THE abbess went to Paris to inspect what might become her property, and possibly negotiate for its purchase. She took one of the French nuns with her and was accompanied also by Miss Myers.

She had never before left Ireland. Her self-consciousness made her even more stiff and reserved than usual. Many travelers at Victoria and Dover wondered who the tall, beautiful young woman wearing the large gold crucifix and chain and the ruby ring could be. On the Liverpool boat and as far as Euston the Irish stared, and seemed uncertain whether to bow or genuflect or take no notice. The abbess, throughout the journey, stared straight ahead.

The Channel crossing to Calais was very rough. The abbess tried hard to preserve her dignity as she felt, for the first time, the pangs of seasickness. She tried to say her Office but found it hard to concentrate. She gazed out a porthole at what seemed to her mountainous seas, and shuddered. She noticed that the people round her were all busy talking, apparently quite unconcerned, so she stopped saying terrified

Hail Marys under her breath, and drew herself up, determined to be both dignified and courageous. Her companion was already green and prostrate. Miss Myers was happily pacing the deck.

How good it was to climb into the warm train at Calais, and hear the hiss of the steam in the pipes and watch the gendarmes, through the writhing mist, pacing up and down the platform. When the train had rumbled away through the ruined town on to the uplands leading to Boulogne, a smart attendant appeared, with a tray of delicious buttery croissants, sandwiches, and cups of steaming coffee. The abbess began to feel better.

MISS MYERS POINTED out the basilica of the Sacre Coeur against the darkening sky, white and gleaming, as they entered the cavern of the Gare du Nord. She soon piloted them to a taxi which sped them across Paris till suddenly they saw on the left the floodlit facade of Notre Dame, with the light shining also from inside to illuminate the rose window, and the abbess gave thanks to God and his Mother for allowing her to see such a sight.

After a meal at which the abbess for the first time in her life drank wine, and found that she liked it, they walked out to that universal place of pilgrimage of which our Lady is perpet-

ual prioress, and where you still may see the chair on which she sat.

Next morning after Mass they took the Metro for the Valley of the Chevreuse. Suburban at first, it grew quite countrified, with that very special beauty of the Ile de France in the spring, more delicate and tender than the thicker colors of Ireland, so gracious with its ponds and meadows and poplars, its woods and low hills, so civilized with its charming houses half hidden in the trees. The young abbess could not help saying to herself, "I would not mind living here."

She had been less than 24 hours in France, but already she was beginning to feel something of the *douceur de vivre* which takes the heart of all foreigners, and to compare it not unfavorably with the sadness and savagery of her native land.

After leaving the Metro they walked about half an hour till they reached some wrought-iron gates supported by stone posts. They stood at the entrance to a shady drive leading up to a big old chateau.

THE ABBESS WAS attracted to it at once. It was like a more gracious and sophisticated Lingmoor. The caretaker and his wife met them, genuflected, and kissed the abbess' ring. The interior of the house seemed suitable in every way, but when the abbess saw

the chapel she let out a gasp. The caretaker turned on all the lights and she gasped again, for it was utterly unlike anything she had ever seen or imagined.

The style was the very wildest and most extravagant rococo, by an Austrian architect, a riot of cherubs and saints and angels hanging and swinging in every conceivable position from a blue and gold ceiling and clinging to twisted pillars, themselves wreathed in golden vines and silver ivy. On one side there was a feature resembling a stage box, high up, overlooking the high altar, with sky-blue velvet curtains and pelmets. It had been the family pew. "Your pew, madame," said the caretaker, pointing to it proudly.

"Oh, never!" cried the startled Abbess, adding, "The cardinal will never consecrate this!"

Miss Myers laughed. "It is consecrated," she said, "and he will come to your inauguration. Old Madame Catherine told him to, and no one disobeys her! Besides, His Eminence likes rococo."

"Is that what it is called?"

"Yes, and it was invented by the Jesuits, who thought it would bring the 18th century to church, which it did."

"Well, the Continentals have strange taste, I must say. Do you like it, Nesta?"

"Yes. I think it's great fun. You are a funny little Puritan,

Eileen, like all the Irish. Victorian Gothic and beehive huts—that's about their limit of taste! You will get used to this in time. Now for some luncheon. There's a little pub in the village where they give you quite a good meal. At three the lawyer is coming to answer any questions you may wish to put to him, and to discuss terms of sale. You can raise a loan on your future prospects."

"Lunch in a pub?" said the abbess. "Is that quite the thing?"

"Certainly, and we have a guest you will be glad to meet."

As they turned into the garden of the little hotel, there, sitting in a basket chair in the May sunshine, was the old abbess.

THE OLD LADY embraced the young abbess. "I knew you would come," she said, "as soon as dear Miss Myers came to see me and asked me to pray for you. How wonderful to have you settled at last in our dear France!"

"I haven't decided anything yet, *ma mere*," replied the young abbess.

"But you have seen," said Madame Catherine in surprise. Like all French people, she could not believe that once you had seen France and smelt its delicious mixture of drains, coffee, and garlic, you would not instantly fall in love with it and want to live there always. It was

like any other conversion. First you lived in invincible ignorance, but as soon as, by God's grace, you were brought in contact with the truth (namely, that France is the only civilized country in the world), you were glad to submit. The old abbess thought that all the earth before the fall must have resembled France, which was all that was left of the earthly paradise.

"After all," murmured the young abbess, "it doesn't really matter much where one lives. One is with God, and one lives with Him."

"How much better to live with Him in paradise than in purgatory," said Madame Catherine.

"I would not call Ireland purgatory, *ma mere*," said Dame Eileen, "though I admit that the conditions in which we have recently been living there resemble it."

"And do you mean to go on living in those conditions for the rest of your life?" asked Miss Myers. "For I fail to see what is to change them, unless you sell your property at Lingmoor, set up here, and buy the chateau."

"I must go and pray," said the young abbess. "Is that the village church over there?"

"Yes. I will stay and keep Madame Catherine company."

"Do not hurry," said Madame Catherine. "Pray long and hard, and you will learn God's will."

The abbess was gone at least

an hour. Madame Catherine put on her spectacles and tried to say her Office but soon nodded and dozed in the sun. Miss Myers beside her was already fast asleep. The French nun from Lingmoor had accompanied the young abbess. It was all very quiet and beautiful on that lovely afternoon in May. After a time, the old abbess' spectacles fell off and dangled from one ear, her hands were clasped on her stomach, and there was a bee on her nose. At last the young abbess came back. She hadn't the heart to wake the old lady, but though she carefully removed the bee from her nose, Madame Catherine must have been aware of it in her dreams, for, wheezing and grunting and sighing, she woke up.

"We will come here," the young abbess said rather wearily. "I am sure it is God's will and the will of his Mother also. I listened in the stillness of that little church, and at last I knew. Yes, I see it now. Our destiny is here. In Ireland we were in exile from our real home, though not I, but the Community. It is my job to serve the Community and do whatever is best for its welfare, and that is to return to France."

"You will get a good price for Lingmoor," said Madame Catherine, "which will cover the expenses of your move here and the purchase of the chateau."

"Aren't you going to say you are glad I have decided we shall come here?" asked the young abbess reproachfully.

"But of course I am glad, *petite*," answered the old abbess. "But being French I always calculate the cost first; practical you see, and anyway, I have known for so long that you are coming, ever since I first began to pray for it a year ago."

The young abbess smiled. "What with you and God."

"*Il n'y a rien a faire*," the Abbess Catherine finished the sentence for her, and once more went to sleep.

IT IS CUSTOMARY for an author at this point to say, "And there you have the story of the Ladies of Soissons," or something to that effect. The story of the Ladies of Soissons, now the Ladies of Auray-sur-Seine, has, however, *not* been told. The outward adventures which befell them between 1688 and 1960, the ups and downs of fame and fate, the transplantings, exiles, wars, revolutions—all these were simply interruptions of the real life of the Community, which is one of continuous prayer and work.

This story, moreover, has been largely about the abbesses. The 60 or so members of the Community have been anonymous, as they would wish to be. They were simply women of prayer. Prayer, which is only talking to

God, was their life blood, and still is. Over the centuries they have talked far more to God than to any human being. This is true even of the abbesses. Even the most worldly, such as the Abbess Clare; the most ineffective, such as the Abbess Zoe; the most luxurious, such as the Abbess Anne; the most timid, such as the Abbess Leonie; the most formidable, such as the Abbess Catherine—all were women of prayer, and, like their nuns, spent the greater part of their lives praying. Day after day, month after month, year after year, century after century, the Ladies of Soissons and Auray have prayed the public prayer of the Church, sung to the beautiful Benedictine chant; special prayers ordered for the Community, such as novenas; holy Mass each morning; and then the private prayers of each Religious.

And if they were not praying or sleeping (and their sleep was interrupted every night when they arose to sing the night Office), they would be fulfilling the other great Benedictine injunction: to work. They would be weeding or hoeing or planting

or picking or digging or mending or washing or polishing or sewing or painting or hammering or cooking, or making vestments, or writing appeals, or haymaking, or milking cows.

What we have described in these pages are simply the accidents which from time to time interfered with this routine of *orare et laborare*, and rippled the calm surface of their lives.

For that is the *raison d'être* of a Benedictine's life, whether monk or nun. The Community of the Ladies of Soissons could not have held together through all these vicissitudes if its life had not been based solidly on prayer and work. From the Community's viewpoint all that we have described, sometimes sad, sometimes gay, sometimes amusing, at other times tragic, often exciting, are trivia, annoying like a buzzing wasp, because interfering with routine: no more.

So we have not told their story, which is simply a long, indeed eternal, sometimes temporarily interrupted, talk with God. We have not told it because, by its very nature, it is a story which can never be told.





*Non-Catholics are invited to send in questions about the Church. Write us, and we will have your question answered. If yours is the one selected to be answered publicly in *The Catholic Digest*, you and a person of your choice will each receive a ten-year subscription to this magazine. Write to *The Catholic Digest*, 2959 N. Hamline Ave., St. Paul 13, Minn.*

What would you like to know about the Church?

THE LETTER:

To the Editor: Why does the Roman Catholic Church place tradition on the same basis as the Holy Word? Is tradition worthy enough to be placed so? Please answer this in your magazine *THE CATHOLIC DIGEST*.

Kay Truesdall

THE ANSWER:

By J. D. CONWAY

I am glad you asked me this question, Kay, because it is a timely one. The careful study of it is one of the basic projects of the interfaith dialogue about which we are hearing so much these days.

Shortly after the Reformation, Protestants began to insist that the Scriptures alone were the source of doctrinal knowledge in the Church of Christ. In this way they hoped to eliminate the "new doctrines"

which had grown up in the course of centuries and get back to the purity and simplicity of the original Gospel.

Catholics countered this claim by insisting that tradition was also a means by which we obtain knowledge of God's revelation; and the Council of Trent stated definitely that revelation is contained "in written books and in unwritten tradition." Many Catholic theologians gave the impression that

only part of revealed truth was found in the Scriptures, while another part could be known only through tradition.

Advances in Scriptural study during the last 50 years have shown that these two positions are not as exclusive of each other as they once seemed; and a better mutual understanding of the meaning of tradition has made the chasm approachable, even though it remains wide.

All modern students of the New Testament are agreed that our written Gospels and Epistles resulted from tradition. It was a short tradition, of maybe 30 to 60 years, and it was guided by the Apostles, who had seen and heard it all, and were filled with the Holy Spirit that they might teach it well. However, the stories had been repeated hundreds of times before they took their present inspired and written form.

Before we try to define tradition, Kay, let us watch it working. We all agree that Christian belief and practice are based on a message which God gave to his people. He did not send an angel to engrave this message on plates of gold; He sent his only Son—He came Himself—to deliver it Man to man.

There had been long centuries of preparation for the message brought by Jesus Christ. Its full meaning is understood only against the background of earlier

revelation: the religion of Yahweh and the history of his close care of his chosen people. This earlier religion and history is worth our study because it grew very largely from traditions—not short ones, not Apostolic ones, but the age-old traditions of tribal groups.

THE CENTRAL theme of Old Testament traditions was the Exodus: those years spent in the desert, the covenant God made with his people, and the law He gave them on Sinai. Each year the Passover was celebrated, and a main feature of the feast was the recalling and handing on of the ancient stories. The head of the family taught the traditions to his children, that they might learn and love them and thus hand them on to their children.

You will tell me, of course, that all this is found in the Bible, where it is inspired by God. It is his Word. You are right, Kay, but we must not forget that it had been tradition for many centuries before it was written down in its present inspired form.

The same is much more notably true of the earlier stories of the patriarchs: Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Joseph, Benjamin, and the rest. We would never know about them at all if tradition had not kept their memory alive for 1,000 years or so, until the Holy Spirit found the right

man to put it all on paper—or on parchment, or papyrus.

If we go on back to the stories of creation, and of Adam and Eve in Paradise, we discover the results of a tradition even more ancient, more symbolic, and more imaginative. No man was around to see the early eons of creation; no man claims to have received a precise description of it from God. But ancient tradition had preserved basic truths in fanciful language; and these the author of Genesis sifted to form a prelude to his story of God's chosen people.

We do not exaggerate when we say that the entire belief and worship and most of the ancient customs of Judaism were based on an oral religious tradition, which was written down only after the principles and practices had been crystallized. Modern Scripture studies make this very certain.

Now just one more example, linking Judaic tradition with Christian times. The Massorettes were Hebrew scholars, versed in the traditions of their people. (The word *Massora* means tradition.) They worked from the 6th to the 10th century, A.D., to preserve, write down, and hand on the traditions which permitted a proper understanding of the sacred text. In particular, they added the vowel points to the ancient Hebrew text, lest the tradition of how to pronounce

the words be lost. Much of our knowledge of the original Hebrew Bible comes to us through the Massorettes, who kept Judaic traditions alive deep into Christian times.

Into this religious context, based on ancient traditions, Jesus Christ gave us the message of God. We call it the Good News. The word *Gospel* comes from two Anglo-Saxon words: *god spel* — good spell, or good tidings. It has always been called the Good News, even by the Apostles, who used a combination of two Greek words: *eu*: good, and *angelia*: message, news.

Now, how would you expect good news to be spread in those early days, before radio, TV, or telephone; when hardly anyone could read? It was shouted in the markets and preached in the streets; and St. Paul ran across Asia Minor and Macedonia and Greece to tell everyone about it. No one had time or inclination to write anything down for many years.

In what did this Good News consist? Not merely in the words of Christ, but much more in the astounding fact of Christ. The Messiah had come. God became a man, and lived with men. "We have known and seen and heard Him; and these are some of the things He said to us — some of the marvelous deeds He performed! He died on the cross to re-

deem us, and in his sacrifice we are saved; his blood washes our sins clean. And He has risen from the dead: we have seen Him with our own eyes, and talked and eaten with Him. And He has gone now to the Father, but He will come again in glory to establish his kingdom. And meanwhile He has sent his Spirit to guide and console us; and we have come to give you that same Spirit: to baptize you as the Lord commanded, that you may have faith in Him and be saved."

That Good News was a tradition: something given by Christ to the Apostles, and handed on by them to all who would listen—handed on by others who received it from them: by Stephen and Philip, Titus and Timothy, Mark and Luke, Silas and Barnabas.

Then in due time, after the stories had been retold so many times that they had taken on definite forms, some of the Apostles and other disciples found time to gather them together and write them down, with the Holy Spirit inspiring their work. We are told that Matthew was the first to write; he used his own native language, the language of our Lord, Aramaic. It is sad that this earliest written account of the Good News is entirely lost.

Mark was the next to write the Good News. He had heard it from various Apostles, no doubt, but especially from Peter. And

later the Gospel as preached by Matthew was written in Greek; and then Luke wrote it down the way he had heard it so often from St. Paul. They all tell the same Good News as it was known from 30 years of tradition: of preaching and practice, of memory and repetition, and probably some scribbled notes. At times Matthew and Luke seem to be a sort of commentary on Mark; they fill in between his brief lines and change the order of his narration. They seem to say, "Of course, that is right, but this is more precisely the way we heard it."

THERE WAS ONLY one Gospel, but it was told by three writers, and much later they were joined by a fourth: the Good News as John had preached it. Surely this book does not contain all that John had taught through so many years, but it makes a special point of bringing out stories which John particularly liked, and which the other Gospel writers had omitted.

Even before any of our present Gospels were written, St. Paul was writing letters based on the Good News which he had preached in various cities. His Epistles offer interpretations of the Gospel, even before it was written, and apply its teachings to special problems. The Thessalonians or Corinthians could have made no sense out of his

letters if they had not had a tradition of the Good News of Christ.

I am not trying to give you a history of the New Testament. My point is that tradition plays much the same role for us that it did for the Thessalonians and Corinthians. The Scriptures are the inspired work of God, to be held in highest reverence and read with intelligence, faith, and devotion; but they must not be pulled out of the context in which they were written. They must be interpreted and understood as the written version of the Good News which was preached and believed by the Church of Jesus Christ under the guidance of the Holy Spirit. The preaching, believing, and divine guidance did not abruptly cease when the Apostles died. The Scriptures did not deprive it of validity; they are merely the inspired record of it.

Now, Kay, maybe we should consider technical meanings. Just what do we mean by tradition? One trouble with the word is that it applies to many things. It comes from the Latin verb *tradere*: to hand over, transmit, surrender. A Roman might use this word if he gave you some money, gave his daughter in marriage, entrusted his family to you, or betrayed his friends to the enemy. The same verb might indicate that he devoted himself to a good cause, be-

queathed his property to his heirs, delivered a message, or taught a science.

As we use the word for religious tradition it means to teach and to hand down from one generation to the next. It is a special kind of teaching, based on authority. If I teach something I have learned by experiment or observation I do not call it tradition. Religious traditions may be divided into two classes: those which rest on the authority of God—which find their validity in revelation—and those which rest on the authority of ancient custom. This division is important; the first is usually called divine or Apostolic tradition; and the second, ecclesiastical tradition.

Only that tradition which is based on divine revelation imposes by its nature an obligation of acceptance and continued transmission. Those who discredit it often do so because they confuse ecclesiastical traditions with it. Church traditions, when they are ancient and uniform, often result in an obligation of conformity; most of our Church laws have been induced by them. They resemble the common law growing into a statute; or a belief or practice which has the venerable backing of centuries of acceptance. Traditions of this kind are: the use of holy water and the Sign of the Cross; women wearing hats or veils in

church, and priests shaving off their beards; the ritual ceremonies of the sacraments and the Mass; Veronica's veil and St. John's cauldron of oil; fasting and abstaining, and going to Mass on Sunday.

Certainly, Kay, traditions like these are not placed on the same basis as Holy Writ. Even the Apostles had customs of this type: community of goods, and abstaining from blood and from strangled things. The traditions which help to form our doctrines are those teachings of the Good News: the same traditions which were written down in the New Testament and were not destroyed by the writing. They continue as a constant, active witness—under the guidance of the Holy Spirit—providing a background for the understanding of the Scriptures, even as it did for the Thessalonians, Corinthians, Ephesians, and Romans, who understood the Letters of Paul because they already had the tradition of the Good News. Christians throughout the centuries have understood the written Gospels and Epistles because they read them in the light of this living tradition.

Protestants and Catholics now tend to come a little nearer to each other in their understanding of the role of tradition. Protestant scholars now accept this earlier Apostolic tradition which I have described, the oral giving

of the Good News; but they tend to limit it to the time of the Apostles—once it was written down the oral teaching lost its validity for future generations. We hope that they will gradually see how arbitrary are these restrictions. We believe that the Good News went on being loudly shouted and widely proclaimed by successors to Paul and Peter, by heirs of Timothy and Barnabas, and that it remained alive and reliable because the Holy Ghost remained active in the Church of Christ.

FOR US TRADITION has two aspects: passive and active. The passive part is found in the sources: in the writings of the Fathers and the early councils, in directives of the Popes and formulas of faith, in prayers, liturgies, attested customs, and archaeological remains. Active tradition keeps leading the Church on to a better understanding of the original revelation, to a more complete living of the spirit of Christ—always under the alert guidance of the Holy Spirit. The inspired and written Scripture never changes; but when we read it in the light of a living tradition we keep probing its meaning more deeply and seeing its implications more clearly. So for the Catholic, while the deposit of revelation in the Good News never changes, a constant growth in dogma is

simply a manifestation of the life of the Church and of the activity of the Holy Spirit in it.

In our understanding of tradition we remain conscious of the promise of our Saviour: "And mark: I am with you at all times as long as the world will last." It is his presence which gives life and validity to tradition; and He clearly did not limit that presence to Apostolic times, but "as long as the world will last."

We also rely greatly on another promise of our Lord: "And I will ask the Father, and he will grant you another Advocate to be with you for all time to come, the Spirit of Truth!" And this "Advocate, the Holy Spirit, whom the Father will send in my name, will teach you everything, and refresh your memory of everything I have told you."

In Apostolic times the Good News was alive and reliable because of the Holy Spirit who had come on Pentecost; in our day it retains its life and validity because of that same Holy Spirit who remains with us "for all time to come."

In recent years, besides the insights obtained from Scripture studies, Catholic theologians have been re-studying the whole question of tradition, and especially the history and meaning of its definition by the Council of Trent. In the face of Protestant claims that the *Scripture alone* had value as a source of God's

word, Catholics were tempted to reply: only part of our knowledge of revelation comes from Scripture; the rest is from tradition—as though from a different source.

Now we realize more fully that Scripture and tradition are one: the same Good News transmitted to us in different forms. And modern theologians incline to the belief that all doctrines are found in the Scriptures, at least implicitly or by intimation. Tradition helps us to discover meanings which might otherwise remain hidden. You need the background to get the message; you should not read the sacred words out of their true context. The same Spirit which inspired the writing of the word should guide the receiving and understanding of it. That Spirit was promised to the Church by its Founder, was sent to the Church on Pentecost, and remains with the Church for all time.

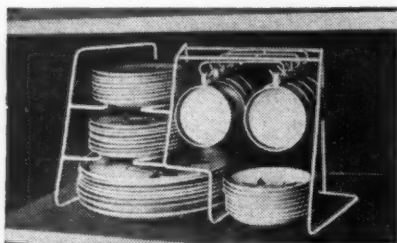
Jesus promised that the Spirit would teach everything and refresh our memory of everything He had told us. It is this teaching and refreshing of the Holy Spirit which keeps the tradition of the Church alive and active—inquiring, delving, grasping, and applying it to new problems and new needs.

Yes, Kay, tradition is on the same basis as the Holy Word because they are both witnesses to us of the same Good News.



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ANESTHESIA Comes of Age

By Ronald Woolmer, M.D.

*Condensed from
"The Conquest of Pain"**

*A primitive art becomes a science in
the hands of the trained specialist*

BACK IN THE 1930's, when I was a recently qualified doctor, I took a job as house surgeon at a hospital in southwest England. I had been told that I might have to give some anesthetics, but I had no particular interest in anesthesia. At the interview which led to my appointment anesthesia wasn't even mentioned.

As a student, I had given a few anesthetics under supervision, and I suppose I knew as much about the subject as the average young man recently out of medical school did in those days.

I had been at my new post scarcely an hour when I was told that I was wanted to give an an-

esthetic. "Very well," I said (the term "OK" had not at that time been imported from the U.S.). "I'll go along to the operating room."

"It's not there; it's in the X-ray department."

"Oh? Is there an apparatus there?"

"Lord no! You'll have to use rag and bottle. And remember that the X-ray machine gives off sparks, so ether's out." I pondered these words on my way to the X-ray department, feeling insecure. There on the X-ray table was a policeman, weighing all of 200 pounds.

"This man was run down by a

motorist," the radiologist told me. "He has a fractured tibia and fibula (the two bones in the leg between the knee and the ankle). We're going to reduce the fracture under X-ray control, and then apply a plaster cast. As you see, he's a muscular patient, and we'll need plenty of relaxation to manipulate the fracture. You'll find all your stuff over there."

This was long before the days of muscle-relaxant drugs such as curare, so "plenty of muscular relaxation" meant deep anesthesia. "All my stuff" consisted of a supply of chloroform, a beautiful little drop bottle which would deliver drops fast or slowly, a selection of airways and gauze-covered masks, and a tank of oxygen.

I had seen open chloroform given once before, but I had never used it myself. I was loath to admit my ignorance, however, partly because I didn't want to alarm the patient, who was listening to all that was being said, and partly because I didn't want to let down my medical school or lose face. So I started.

I dropped the chloroform steadily but cautiously on the mask, and the induction seemed to be going all right. I tried to remember all that I had been told about anesthetics. I tried to feel the patient's pulse. His arms were stretched out by his side, and I couldn't get at his wrists. The artery that anesthetists use to feel the pulse when they can't get at

the wrists (as is normally the case) is the superficial temporal. You may be able to feel it if you lay a finger tip very lightly on the side of your face half an inch in front of your ear. But it's not as easy to feel, especially in a fat subject, as the radial artery at the wrist. I couldn't find it in this patient.

"However," I said to myself, "I can see that his pupils are normal in size and react to light. The part of his face that I can see is a good color, and I can hear him breathing freely and regularly. As long as that's so, I imagine we're all right."

Just then someone turned the lights out. I protested, but my remonstrance was brushed aside with the remark that the radiologist and the orthopedic surgeon had to get dark-adapted. The image on an X-ray screen is dim, and the room has to be in darkness for any detail to become clear.

With the lights out I could no longer see my patient's color or know what his pupils were like. I was consoling myself with the thought that I could still hear his regular breathing, when a loud whirr started immediately behind me. In those days some X-ray machines had their own electric generators. From then on I couldn't hear the patient's breathing.

There was nothing else to do, so I kept dropping on the chloro-

form and hoping I was giving the right amount. I put my thumb on top of the mask and let the chloroform drop onto it and flow onto the gauze. That way, I could feel how much I was giving. An eerie green glow came from the fluorescent screen. I could see the dim shadows of the surgeon and the radiologist bending over, pulling and turning the patient's leg this way and that. I suppose they weren't more than a few minutes at the job, but it seemed hours to me. At last they switched off the machine and the lights went on again.

I hurriedly tried to size up the patient's condition. Breathing? Regular but shallow. Pupils? Dilated: no reaction to light. Color? Pale. (So was mine.) Anesthesia was deep and had evidently been getting deeper. I stopped the chloroform, and during the next ten minutes, while the plaster cast was being applied, the breathing gradually became deeper, and the pupils smaller. By the time they had finished, the policeman was beginning to come around.

"Thank you," said the surgeon, "a good anesthetic."

I tried to look nonchalant as I watched the patient being wheeled away. I kept thinking how easily the outcome might have been a tragedy.

Twenty-five years ago, at the time this little story took place, anesthesiology was not recognized as a specialty. There was no or-

ganized teaching of anesthesia in postgraduate medicine. Students gave a few anesthetics under supervision and attended some lectures before attaining their qualification. This last was sometimes jocularly referred to as "the license to kill," for medical students develop a macabre sense of humor. But there was too much truth in this jest.

After five or six years in medical school a young doctor was entitled to practice any branch of medicine or surgery. No one expected him, at this stage in his career, to be competent to perform even as simple an operation as an appendectomy on his own. But it *was* assumed that he could give an anesthetic. Of course, he would be working under the "supervision" of the surgeon, who was likely to be older and more experienced; and anesthesia in those days was much simpler than it is now. Nevertheless, powerful drugs were placed in inexperienced hands, and the unconscious patient was even more at risk then than he would be now, for the period of postoperative unconsciousness was longer.

As surgery became more complex, surgeons demanded more and more from their anesthetists. Anesthesia came to be recognized as a specialty in its own right, and from the practice of anesthesia was born the science of anesthesiology.

A man doesn't take up anes-

thesiology until after he has achieved his M.D., and he then puts in many more years of study. He has to gain detailed knowledge of many aspects of chemistry and physics, of anatomy and physiology, of pharmacology and therapeutics. He has to learn to handle the complex machinery of his apparatus and the complex psychology of his patients. He has to spend many hours in classrooms and reading rooms, and in the operating rooms and on the wards. His theoretical knowledge has to be sound enough to pass a stiff examination, but skill and professional judgment can be acquired only by practice. A trained anesthesiologist must number his cases by the thousand, and he has to pile up experience, under proper guidance from his teachers, before he starts off on his own.

Such training pays dividends. For the patient, it means that he need not worry about his anesthetic; about whether the surgeon will start before he's asleep, or whether he'll wake up in the middle, or if he'll wake up at all. To the surgeon, it means that he can concentrate on his task and shed some of his load of responsibility. He doesn't have to ask himself: is the patient doing all right? Is he losing too much blood? Do I have to hurry? It means, too, that if he needs to work out a new surgical technique, the anesthetist can adapt himself to the change and provide the right op-

erating conditions without endangering the patient. It means that if there's an emergency, the anesthetist won't have to be told what to do.

In recent years surgeons have been able to perform more radical operations and to extend the benefits of surgery to what were once "poor-risk" patients. These advances are due in large measure to the anesthesiologists.

Even today, about half of all anesthetics given in the U.S. are given by nurses. Some of these have had some training in anesthesia, and nearly all are competent, conscientious, and reliable.

The training that goes to make a nurse, however, falls far short of what is required to make an anesthesiologist. How did this state of affairs come about, and why is it allowed to continue? There are many reasons. In the old days anesthesia *was* fairly simple. It didn't exist as a science, and there was little learning to be acquired. Many surgeons, too, were by nature autocratic. They shared neither credit nor responsibility, and they didn't like the idea of having on their team someone whose skill and learning was equal to their own. These ideas are passing rapidly, but other obstacles exist. One is financial. Anesthesiologists must be paid more than nurses.

Another difficulty is the shortage of suitably trained men. The training programs are not producing enough to meet the demand,

so that some hospitals do have some difficulty in finding them.

In Britain there never have been nurse-anesthetists. The view was held from the beginning that the dangerous drugs and powerful methods used in anesthesia should not be relegated to people lacking a full medical training.

On the continent of Europe the proportion of anesthetics given by untrained or half-trained people is quite high. Until recently, methods were rather primitive. The glimpse of the modern methods used in British and U.S. army medical services during the last war revealed to many countries their backwardness in this respect.

After the war the World Health Organization set up an anesthesiology training center for Europe. It was started, in Denmark, in 1951, and was attended by post-graduate students from most of the countries in Europe.

In the whole of the USSR there are only a handful of anesthesiologists. General anesthesia is usually managed by nurses, but a great deal of the surgery is done under local anesthesia given by the surgeon himself. Few of the surgeons have acquired the skill to perform selective nerve blocks.

Anesthesia today is changing from an art to a science. An important attribute of artists is that they *observe* things. An important attribute of scientists is that they *measure* things.

The early anesthetists observed

the color of the skin, the nature of the breathing, the fullness of the pulse, the response of the pupils. But their observations were not quantitative, and to that extent they lacked precision.

Their equipment consisted, often, of no more than a bottle and a mask. The modern anesthetist can use apparatus designed to furnish him *quantitative* information which is directly concerned with the welfare of the patient. The oxygen, nitrous oxide, cyclopropane, and ethylene are compressed in steel cylinders which are disposed around his machine; and the anesthetist uses instruments to measure and control the rate at which these gases are delivered to the patient. He has pressure gauges, flowmeters, and control valves which enable him to vary the concentration of any of these gases in the mixture and the rate at which the mixed gases issue from the machine.

He needs to know his patient's blood pressure. This may be profoundly altered by anesthesia and surgery, and is sometimes deliberately reduced to a low level. Most of us are familiar with the usual method of measuring blood pressure. It is an indirect method. It consists in measuring the pressure that has to be applied by a pneumatic bandage to the outside of the arm to squeeze flat the main artery in it. Whether the main artery is open or closed can be determined by feeling for the

pulse at the wrist, or by listening with a stethoscope at the bend of the elbow for the sounds of the blood going through it.

If an engineer were asked to measure the pressure inside a tube, he would not use this method. He would make a hole in the side of the tube and attach a pressure gauge. This direct method is more accurate, but one can't go making holes in patients' arteries at the drop of a hat. In cardiac surgery, where making holes in blood vessels and generally rearranging the plumbing is a recognized part of the technique, and where accurate information is vital, the blood vessel is connected to an instrument which records the pressure electrically.

The anesthetist also needs to know the heart rate. He can measure this simply by counting the pulse and looking at a watch, and this is how it is usually done. But this process engages his whole attention. Now an instrument has been devised, called a cardiometer, which will indicate the pulse rate automatically.

In closed or semiclosed anesthesia, when some of the gases which the patient breathes out are collected and fed back to him, it is important to know how much carbon dioxide there is in the re-breathed gas. Carbon dioxide is a waste product of the body's chemical processes, and can be poisonous if it is not removed. It is colorless, tasteless, and odorless, so

that its presence cannot be detected by the unaided senses of the anesthetist. It has to be measured by an electrical method using infrared rays.

Though a good deal of information about the heart's action can be gained from feeling the pulse and taking the blood pressure, and more from an inspection of the heart when the chest is open, more still can be learned from the electrocardiograph. Muscular contraction is always accompanied by electrical activity, and this is as true of the heart as of any other muscle. But the electrical potentials set up in the heart are minute: only a few thousandths of a volt. Yet these minute potentials can be detected, amplified, and recorded by the ECG.

Cerebral activity, too, is accompanied by electrical potentials. These are even more minute than are those of the heart, but they too, can be detected by electrodes fixed to the scalp, amplified, and recorded. Since general anesthesia depresses the activity of the central nervous system, the electrical activity of the brain, as recorded by the electroencephalogram, gives a quantitative measure of the depth of anesthesia.

Natural breathing is suspended for the greater part of most operations, and artificial respiration is maintained by forcing gases rhythmically under pressure into the lungs. Rhythmic pressure may

be applied by alternately squeezing and releasing a rubber reservoir bag; but it is often taken over by a machine, the artificial ventilator.

During the "deep-freeze" operations it is important to know precisely what the patient's temperature is. The ordinary clinical thermometer is not of much use for this purpose. There are various devices, such as thermocouples, thermistors, and resistance thermometers, which will measure temperature electrically, and indicate it at a distance on an easily read dial.

In health, the reaction of the blood, its balance between acidity and alkalinity, is kept remarkably constant; even a small deviation is sure to have serious consequences.

During surgery, several factors may conspire to upset this balance, and at the same time to impair the body's power of redressing it. Hence, the anesthesiologist must measure it, so that he can take timely steps to prevent an imbalance from occurring. This measurement, too, is made electrically, by a device called a "pH meter."

The maintenance of adequate oxygenation of the blood is one of the responsibilities of the anesthetist. The color of the patient's skin is of some use as a guide, but when the patient is dark-skinned or anemic, or when fluorescent lighting is used in the

operating room, it is not a reliable guide: it cannot give a quantitative assessment.

An electric eye will sometimes be used as an additional protection for the patient, and as a guide to the surgeon, who may have to interfere with the circulation. It consists of a lamp and a light meter, and is clipped onto the patient's ear. The degree of oxygenation of the blood determines the amount of light, of the appropriate wave length, which will pass through the ear and impinge on the meter. This is indicated on a scale which gives exact information about the amount of oxygen being carried by the blood.

A fully equipped anesthetist today is as different from his predecessor in the 19th century as the pilot of a modern airliner is from his counterpart in the days of the Wright brothers.

The use of general anesthesia in the 19th century was a turning point in medicine. In those early days, the anesthetist was sometimes called "the chloroformist to such and such a hospital." All that the anesthetist did was simply to apply chloroform. Much more is expected of him now, and he has a whole gamut of drugs at his disposal, instead of one or two. He is expected nowadays to be a scientist rather than an artist. But all this progress is merely a means of providing better weapons for the fight against pain, and for the eradication of disease.

The

3rd-Order Franciscans

Francis of Assisi's lay followers have included kings, writers, scientists, artists, and many saints

By Paul Theurer

POPE JOHN and thousands of your Catholic neighbors have more in common than their religion. For the reigning Pontiff is one of the 4 million members of the 3rd Order of St. Francis.

Despite its huge membership and its honored position in the Church as the largest and oldest of the 3rd Orders, the society is often misunderstood.

Some think that it is an organization for old ladies. To others, the name calls up a picture of a handful of barefoot friars begging bread. In the U.S., one of the strongholds of the Order with 125,000 members, it is sometimes casually dismissed as an auxiliary group dedicated to raising funds for the Franciscan Fathers.

The 3rd Order is a true Religious Order, not a confraternity, although most of its members

are lay men and women. People from all walks of life are members. The roster has included Popes, bishops, kings, and men of renown in literature, science, and art.

Christopher Columbus was a tertiary (the name given to Order members). So were Leonardo da Vinci, Franz Liszt, Pope Pius XI, St. Thomas More, St. Joan of Arc, and the Cure of Ars. Church history is studded with the names of tertiaries who attained sainthood.

Many Religious Orders were founded by tertiaries. These include the Brothers of the Christian Schools, the Society of Jesus, the Ursulines, Theatines, Visitation nuns, Passionists, School Sisters of Mercy, Brigittines, Daughters of Charity, Salesians, Society of the Blessed Sacrament, Congregation of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, Oblates, and Confraternity of Christian Doctrine.

Among well-known tertiaries to-

day, besides the Holy Father, are Richard Cardinal Cushing, Archbishop of Boston and episcopal protector of the 3rd Order in the U.S.; comedian Jack Haley; actress Ruth Hussey; author Dietrich Von Hildebrand (*Transformation in Christ*); Dr. Victor Andres Belaunde, ambassador to the UN from Peru and president of the UN General Assembly in 1959-60; and Dr. Liam Brophy, Irish poet and essayist.

Members are self-effacing to such an extent that few outside their own fraternity know their identity. Parish priests often know little about the activities of members in their parishes. A pastor in St. Louis suggested to the ladies' organization of his parish that they delegate members to visit the sick. After the meeting one of the ladies drew the priest aside. "You may not know it, Father," she told him, "but three members of the 3rd Order of St. Francis have been visiting parishioners in hospitals and homes for the aged every week for four years."

Another pastor noticed a great change in the spirit of his parishioners. Attendance at services and the reception of the sacraments increased. Family feuds of long standing disappeared. The Christian virtues flourished. Investigating, he found that the zeal of a 3rd Order fraternity had renewed his parish. In the pulpit the following Sunday, he acknowl-

edged the debt to the 3rd Order, then joined it himself.

When St. Francis of Assisi founded the Order of Friars Minor in the 13th century, his followers renounced all worldly goods, as he had done.

For many, family ties prevented a renunciation of property and acceptance into the Franciscans. To permit their religious enthusiasm to express itself, the 3rd Order was established, admitting persons of all ranks, all ages, both sexes, without disrupting family or social ties.

Tertiaries do not pronounce vows or live in a Community. The 3rd Order pledge substitutes for the vow; the fraternal life, for Community life.

Members do have a prescribed religious garb in the form of a scapular worn around the neck and a cord around the waist. Many fraternities wear habits at their meetings, and all members have the privilege of being buried in the habit.

Tertiaries begin as postulants, then observe a novitiate of one year before they are received into the Order. They even recite a daily Office. Attendance at the monthly meetings is prescribed.

Visiting the sick is one of the special charities which are part of the rule. Tertiaries also contribute to their fraternity's common fund, which is to be used for the care of poor and sick members, for the support of mis-

sions, and other works of charity.

April Oursler Armstrong, daughter of Fulton Oursler and herself a noted writer, is a tertiary.

"There were," she writes, "two turning points in my first years in the Church: one, a moment of overwhelming inner realization that God loved me; the other, the strange, sudden awareness that his command 'Be ye perfect' was meant for me, and for everyone, and not just for saints.

"It seemed to me that only in the 3rd Order of St. Francis, with its life of love and perfection, could I hope to make a start at what was demanded of every Christian.

"To this day I cannot describe the awe and the grateful relief I felt when I was received."

Members are urged to avoid extravagance, shun dangerous amusements, be moderate in eating and drinking, and practice humility. While they do not have to relinquish private property and may own the same things and have the same mortgages as their neighbors, they consider themselves only stewards of God for their worldly goods.

Traditionally, the 3rd Order is credited with helping to cause the downfall of the semislavery of feudalism. Today one of the principal activities of the 3rd Order on a national scale is to help destroy the semislavery of segregation and discrimination. Its Action for Interracial Understanding

is aimed at preventing racial tensions.

The Order has also undertaken the task of helping arrest the movement toward secularization of Sunday in the U.S. "Stop! Don't shop on Sunday!" and "Work with God six days; rest with God Sunday" are two of the slogans it has used effectively.

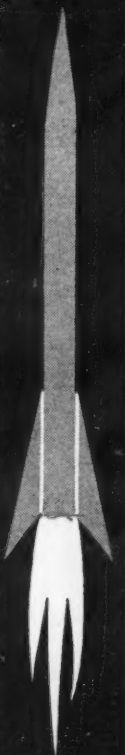
Pope Pius X recommended that tertiaries "assist pastors in teaching Christian doctrine to the young and ignorant." The Catholic Information Apostolate has produced a series of pamphlets to spread information about Catholicism. A visual-education project for teaching Christian Doctrine is another program in the U.S.

On a more personal scale, 3rd Order members work diligently "for the good of mankind." The Houses of Charity, which feed hundreds of indigents daily in Minneapolis, Minn., and Seattle, Wash., are operated by 3rd Order members. Another group of tertiaries is quietly establishing a home for the aged in a Midwestern city.

Most fraternities are parish-oriented, though they may exist anywhere. There are chapters on army bases, in diocesan seminaries, even in prisons.

"Look around you in your parish," advises one Franciscan. "Chances are that many of the men and women who are most active in charitable and Church work are 3rd Order members."

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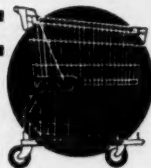


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